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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution. By the Editor of "Madame du Deffand's Letters." 8vo. pp. 462. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THIS is a most entertaining as well as interesting work, displaying, as it were, the green-room of the actors, whose studied performance makes the tragedy of the historian; and setting forth the contrivances, the bickerings, the vanities, which so influence the representation. It is matter for serious thought, to mark how the amusement of a passing hour, the trifles which, whether right or wrong, make the aggregate of life—to mark how these, so unimportant, taken singly, form the character, and influence the destiny, of a nation. After all, the course of time, like that of a watch, is acted upon by almost invisible springs, and the smallest possible wheels.—There are two conclusions at which every reader will, we think, arrive on closing this volume: first, the fatal effects of feminine interference in politics; secondly, the immense social improvement of the present day. Our author places this first point in a most striking view, by the parallel between France, where every woman of a certain rank was an intrigante; and England, where few have even sought for that power which their very virtues would be the causes of their abusing: matters of government are not matters of feeling, vanity, and imagination; and what woman but would be influenced by one of the three? On the second point, we must say, only prejudice could advocate either the manners or morals of former days: to the advance of mental cultivation, and to that of literary taste, must this be ascribed; no where have their advantages been more felt than in their effects on the female sex: it is only of late years that it has been discovered, that, without bating one iota of the strictest domestic duties, there is ample time for useful information and elegant accomplishment; and that a woman may be a cultivated and intelligent companion, as well as an active housekeeper. Perhaps we are running now to the opposite extreme; but something must be allowed to re-action; and while we enter our protest against drawing-room display and scientific or literary obtrusiveness, we cannot but commend all that can enlarge or inform the mind of man or woman. The following view of society after the Restoration is in strong contrast to one of the present style.

"Except within the circle of Whitehall, no habitual intercourse of society seems to have taken place in London, even among those whom similarity of taste or disposition might have made agreeable to each other. Persons formally visited and received visits from their own family and connexions only. No women frequented the court, or formed any part of its society, except those attached to the households of the royal family, or whose parents or

connexions were employed by them; indeed, the court and country soon began to form two separate parties, which had very little in common with each other. The difference observable in their manners and habits of life was most decided in every thing that related to female society. There can hardly be a stronger proof that women have never obtained any considerable influence on the national manners of England, than that even during the first popularity of a reign distinguished for its gallantry and devotion to women, the sex in general seemed to have gained little or nothing on the score of social enjoyment. The mistresses of Charles acquired none of the consideration which he lost in their society; their venality made them despicable even to those who profited by it, and their example harmless to the rest of their sex."

"The respectable part of the sex in general, even those of the highest rank, were unknown out of the circle of their own families and relations, where they were occupied entirely with the concerns of their household, the management of their affairs, and the establishment of their daughters. This last object was, indeed, pursued by very different means from those which have been deemed expedient by the no less attached mothers of later days. The marriages of the young nobility were then contracted much in the same manner that they continued to be, long after, in France. The proposal was first made, and agreed to by the parents, before the parties had any opportunities of becoming acquainted, or making themselves agreeable to each other."

"It might seem that the accomplishments, and the various modes of occupying time, universally taught to our young women now, would have been more usefully and necessarily bestowed at a period when the whole female sex lived so much more in seclusion, both from the interruptions and the improvement arising from worldly society. Certain it is, that, generally speaking, they possessed few of the means of self-amusement now in the hands of almost all the world. Music was cultivated by none but those whose strong natural taste, and talent for it, made them overcome all obstacles in its pursuit. Drawing, or any taste for the fine arts, seems never to have been thought of, either as an employment of the hands, or as a cultivation of the mind; although such a taste is, perhaps, the more peculiarly desirable for women, because it furnishes a source of conversation free from scandal, and from all idle and vulgar inquiries into the affairs of others. No woman, really possessing such a taste, will ever be a gossip. Reading, except for some express purpose, was hardly esteemed an amusement among the young men of the world, far less among the young women. The romances of the day, unlike the modern furniture of a circulating library, were serious voluminous works, whose perusal was scarcely undertaken except by those who had a turn for study, and solitary occupation in the long leisure of a country life.

The divine poetry of Milton (as has been justly observed by a modern critic) was little celebrated, not from an absence of taste, but from a paucity of readers. Letter-writing, according to modern habits, was little practised for many years after this period. In spite, therefore, of the numberless tapestry chairs, carpets, beds, and hangings, now for the most part discarded in rags from the garrets of their grand-daughters, an unsatisfied curiosity yet remains, as to the amusements of the younger women, whose fortune and rank elevated them above the common everyday household cares of existence. The private letters of the times, yet preserved, for the very reasons above mentioned, furnish us with little information. Those that are not written expressly on some family business, evince none of the ease in composition, so necessary for familiar details. They all betray a great ignorance of the language, of its grammar, and its spelling, and often a want of facility in the mechanical part of writing, which proves how little it was practised."

The next quotation gives a different picture in France.

"The spirit of meddling intrigue which in former days had been collected, as in a focus, around the mistress of the monarch or the minister, had, at the end of the last century, spread through the whole mass of female society. Every body had a circle of dependants, every body was a patron, or was patronised, according to the society in which they were found. All had some interests in life, which necessarily carried them into the tortuous and degrading paths of intrigue, where alone they could pursue their object; and where this object, however honourable or legitimate, could only be attained by a reciprocity of indirect means, and often of unworthy services. A sedulous cultivation of every power to please, to persuade, and to seduce, which belongs particularly to the female sex, was necessary to their success. It made the women, therefore, in general agreeable, intelligent companions, and sometimes inestimable friends. But the neglect of all the severer virtues, so deteriorated the female character, and so banished all truth of principle from its social relations, that perhaps nothing less than the dreadful remedy administered by the Revolution could have awakened them to a sense of their real interests, and restored the women of France to their true and appropriate consideration in society."

The following anecdote is one of those contrasts which, to the honour of human nature, so frequently redeem its darkest parts.

"The melancholy and subdued mind of Louis the Thirteenth had found in Mademoiselle de la Fayette a faithful, tender, and attached friend,—the only one to whom he dared confide his sufferings from the thralldom in which he allowed himself to be held by Richelieu. This despotic minister, who had contrived to make his sovereign the first of his slaves, allowed nobody to approach him but

such as he had engaged to report to him every complaint made by the king against himself, while he practised on the king's weakness, so as to induce him often to betray the language of those to whom he had opened himself. But Mademoiselle de la Fayette not only boldly refused all communication with the cardinal, but in her frequent interviews with the king encouraged his aversion to his tyrant minister, and exhorted him to shake off an authority which dishonoured him in the eyes of his people. Secure in the purity of her conduct, of her sentiments, and of her intentions, Mademoiselle de la Fayette openly avowed her attachment to the king, and even a censorious court believed it compatible with her honour. It is said that Cardinal Richelieu, dreading the increasing influence of a character on which he could gain nothing, addressed himself to her confessor and to the confessor of the king, to inspire their penitents mutually with scruples respecting their intercourse. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, it would seem, had always intended ending her life in a convent, and her resolution was hurried by her royal lover, who, aware of this intention, and dreading thus to lose her, at last, in spite of all her scruples and all his own, pressed her to accept of an establishment at Versailles, and to attach herself entirely to him in a more earthly manner. Her severe principles were startled at this delicacy of the king's. It proved to her, that she herself might not always resist, and hastened her resolution to quit the court (where she belonged to the queen's household), and retire to a convent. To this measure the king's consent seems to have been obtained, merely from the religious scruple of not daring to dispute so pure a soul with heaven. After a long conversation with her at the queen's drawing-room, he publicly shed tears at taking leave of her; and although she is reported on this occasion to have allowed no alteration to take place in her countenance, the merit of her sacrifice was not lessened by insensibility. For when, retired to her own apartments, she flew to her windows to watch (for the last time) the king stepping into his carriage, and exclaimed, 'Hélas, donc! je ne le verrai plus!' she proved, that not coldness, but the religion of those days, and the strong hold it took on virtuous as well as weak minds, alone parted them. The long visits the king continued to make to her convent, in a distant quarter of Paris, shewed his unaltered sentiments. It was to these visits, and the advice he received at them, that his more kind treatment of Anne of Austria, and their living on better terms, is attributed."

The ensuing passages are too just to be omitted.

"We were disposed to adopt the representation given of the manners and the morals of the city in the comedies of the day, we should have an equally bad opinion of both; but fortunately we know that the vices and follies of the upper orders of society, in a great metropolis, have no extensive influence on the mass of the population of their fellow-citizens, far less on that of their country at large; that such excesses,

* To men remote from power, but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all their own!
Goldsmith's Traveller.

Even in those disastrous periods which crowd the pages of history with the recital of tumult, war, revolution, and all the horrors in their train; while private memoirs teem with frightful instances of individual depravity and suffering, thousands of inoffensive beings,

whose situation no modes of society can much affect, nor any political events habitually benefit, are struggling to pursue their usual course of necessary labour and industry, in spite of the moral storms around them. These moral storms, like the great commotions of nature, end by falling as heavily on the cottage as on the palace: finding in the cottage less to destroy, the work of mischief soon attacks such necessary and vital means of subsistence, that the poorest peasant in the land is obliged to abandon his labour, and lend his arm to support pretensions by which he can never profit, and confirm power in which he will never participate. It is the more or less fixity and inaptness to excitement in this order of people, which will be found to be the measure of the more or less evil occasioned by such tempestuous periods in the civil history of man."

"The difference of national character is perhaps no where more strongly marked than in the motives and conduct of the contemporary civil wars of France and England. The *fronde* was directed entirely against individual character,—our rebellion against principles of government. Both may be said to have failed in their object; the one by the establishment in power of Cardinal Mazarin, the other by the restoration of Charles the Second. But the war against principles had served to develop the human mind, and to throw light on the real end and only true means of government. The war against individual character had debased the mind, and given expansion, only, to private pique and hatred. It took away all dignity of motive, and all shame of abandoning or supporting leaders, except as they rose or fell with the wheel of fortune. The parliament of Paris, after having put a price on the head of Mazarin in 1653, publicly harangued him as the saviour of the state in 1660, without any other change in circumstances than his having established his authority. By this conduct they lost the power ever to do more than make useless remonstrances against measures which they had neither the right to oppose, nor the virtue to control. But the parliament of England, which had defended five of its members from the king himself in person, when coming to seek their punishment in 1642, preserved and developed within it the seeds of that power which, in 1676, voted the exclusion of the only brother of the reigning king from the succession to the throne, and in 1688 spoke the voice of the nation in declaring that brother for ever an alien to that throne of which he had proved himself unworthy. Nor is the difference of the two national characters less remarkable in the conduct, than in the motive of their civil commotions. The reluctance with which in England both parties resorted to arms; the length and patience of the discussions, in which one side claimed, and the other allowed, rights at that time unheard of in the other governments of Europe, contrasts remarkably with the unfortunate precipitancy with which, 150 years afterwards, the Declaration of Rights was made and enforced in France at the beginning of her Revolution. The same reluctance is observable in the appeal at last made by England to the '*ratio ultima*' of nations, as well as of princes; and the same precipitancy in the whole conduct of the *fronde*. The facility with which the leaders on either side raised armies to support pretensions, or avenge wrongs, in which those armies had neither interest nor participation, marks the unaltered mobility of the national character, its love of military enterprise, and

of the bustle and business of military glory. With us, the troops were enlisted, not as the followers of such or such a leader, but called on to defend by arms, in the last resort, a solemn league and covenant between the governors and the governed, which they had all individually sworn to observe and to maintain. The few followers who surrounded the standard of the unfortunate monarch, when first erected against such opponents, proved how entirely a conviction of the identity of their *own* rights with those they were called on to assert, was necessary to bring them into action. The great Condé, and the still greater Turenne, while enlisting troops, throwing themselves into fortresses, and making treaties with Spain to expel a powerful minister the moment he opposed their individual pretensions, appear to the unprejudiced eyes of posterity merely employing a morbid activity to get possession of power, which they knew no more than their opponent how to use. All idea of bettering the condition of the country was alike out of the question on either side. Nor were these leading personages, in fact, better informed of their real interest and real duties, or less vulgarly ignorant of every principle of civil liberty, on which they supposed themselves acting, than the lowest follower of their camp.—The female characters which these times produced offer a still more striking contrast to their English contemporaries. Cardinal de Retz and Cromwell (however dissimilar) may still be said to resemble each other more than the Duchesse de Longueville and Mrs. Hutchinson. At the peace of the Pyrenees, Mazarin told the Spanish minister Don Louis de Haro, who was stipulating for the return of Madame de Longueville as well as of her brother the Grand Condé to court—'Vous autres Espagnols, vous parlez fort à votre aise; vos femmes ne se mêlent que de faire l'amour: mais en France, ce n'est pas de même, et nous en avons trois, qui seroient capables de gouverner ou de bouleverser trois grands royaumes—la Duchesse de Longueville, la Princesse Palatine, et la Duchesse de Chevreuse.' It may be doubted if their political abilities were not much over-rated by the crafty cardinal. Their influence, however, and that of their associates, on the future character and social existence of their sex in France was permanent, and remained in an almost undiminished, although less apparent, force, until swept into the gulf of the Revolution."

We now dismiss these pages with the strongest recommendation of them to our readers. Views of society as entertaining as they are just; individual character drawn most vividly; clear, correct observations; and a mass of anecdote and information too little studied;—such are the grounds on which we give this volume our cordial praise. A masculine understanding, joined to feminine tact, imparts an extraordinary character to the author's remarks; and we trust that nothing may prevent her* from adding to the obligations we already feel to her pen, by laying us under a still greater obligation—that of listening to her ideas upon the state of society nearer to our own period. This is wanted to complete her admirable work.

The Battle of Navarino, Malta, and other Poems. By a Naval Officer. 12mo. pp. 297. London, 1826. Saunders and Otley.

To abandon the boarding pike, and assume the lettered pen, is a strange freak for a naval officer; and, since Falconer, we have hardly known one of the class make the attempt wish-

* Miss Berry, the friend of Horace Walpole, is, we believe, the author.

out suffering Shipwreck. Nor is the present aspirant an exception: he is a very sailor on Pegasus; and his tacks about Parnassus bear a striking resemblance to the general style of cruising when a Jack gets on horseback. Here he be-lays, and there he runs out a line; here he takes in a reef, and there he lets go a sheet; here he keeps his course, and there he flags; here his fire (poetic) is poured out in broadsides, and there his rhymes lay him on his beam ends. In short, every thing about his work smacks of the sea: his measure is in the irregular form of yards, and he has adopted the Spenserian stanza in compliment to a late Lord of the Admiralty; he decks his muse with metaphors, and his imagery is proof of his having a fine image-head; oft tropes shroud his meaning; and his use of the press interferes confoundedly with the freedom of the subject.

To speak in less seamanlike phrase, words and crude ideas, and the necessity of rhyming at the expense of grammar and sense, are the errors of this sailor-bard; and if, even at Navarin, there had not been better fighting than there is writing in this volume, we are persuaded that the Turks would have beat the combined squadrons. Imagination, cherished by an unsettled life, seems to have run away with judgment, and so created an idea that excited feeling was the true Parnassian temperament,—a gross mistake, for most people are sensible of potent emotions at times, though few people are poets. Thus, the writer, looking at the Temple of Aegina, tells us:—

"I deemed, or thought I deemed, my feelings grew
Unto its very birth; that 'fore my face
The master-spirit stood, who there did trace
The work sublime; and with him other men
Of more or less renown, in that same place
Did converse bold—of whom I had no ken:
Imagination saw, but knowledge felt me then.
For much of learning I did ne'er imbibe,
While in that school upon the ocean cast,
But more of evil talk and saucy gibe."

And then fancying himself a child of wondrous imaginings, he is wrought up in his own conceit, and falls foul of his berth and companions on board ship.

"Right ill is borne
The ceaseless hum of mirth from early dawn
Till Cynthia mid-way hangs, the unvaried round
Of dull, unchanged ideas, from Lever drawn.
And witless jokes, when boys and veterans sound
Their airy pranks of love, and dotting jests expound.
Loathsome to him who blighted stands forlorn
Amongst a serving race, without one tie
Than what co-eating gives: who, though deep scorn
May scathe his brow, must fawn hypocrisies,
And utter joys his inward cares deny:
Cursed with deep feeling, his the bitter task
To fawn content, and smile in misery,
Unfelt by comrades rude, who only ask
In sensual joys of life the hours below to task."

Now, as far as our critical opinion is worth a whistle, or a boatswain's pipe, or his mate's cat with a supernumerary abundance of tails, we would earnestly offer it to the author; and advise him to fall in with the mess, and enjoy "co-eating" even salt junk, and co-drinking, were it nothing better than purser's swipes, rather than indulge in these "deep feelings," which turn him sour and poetical. As a brave seaman he may distinguish himself, as a bard never: witness the annexed examples.

"Ipsara meets the sight,
Bright valour's grave, where treason fell did grow,
And conquer men whose swords were never low."

"It was a rising hillock, like you see
On Troia's plain, of ancient form and fashion;
The sheep fed round its base, and one tall tree
Did lure the wind."

"Better 't to beard the lion in his den,
Confront the shark in India's glowing tide,
Mercy expect from cannibalistic men,
Or read her cublings from the tiger's side,
Than raise the wrath of fair Britannia's pride.
She shakes her trident, and the waters start,
And the huge whales from lowest depths upglide."

Our next line is a bull, and not a roaring one, though borrowed from the ocean.

"And nought was heard awhile, save the still water's splash."

But perhaps the fairest specimen of the poetry is to be found in the *to triumph* on the victory of Navarin gained over the *Pascia*, as our author *spells* the Turkish commander. We can only cite a few verses.

"From ship to ship loud cheers responsive rung,
While, mad with joy, these lines the conquering seamen sung:—

"Who is he that can police with the Queen of the Isles,
Though he hoist of his politics, army, and wiles?
She stretches her arm, and the wide waters shake;
She sends forth her fleets, and proud capitals quake."

"We sigh but for glory, the pleasure of fighting
Against Christians or Moslems, in battle delighting;
We care not for what nor for whom we draw swords,
Or civilised nations, or Turcoman hordes."

Then away let us hasten to where the tides roll
Of the dark Hellespont, along proud Istanbul!
Let us hunt the grand sultan in midst of his slaves,
And teach him what foes are the sons of the waves!
And with footsteps of blood we will track the long streets,
We will circle the harem and rifle its sweets;
We will seek in the mazes of love and its risks,
The rewards of the brave, the fair Odalques."

A health to our leaders, and those who were aiding!
Their lives be as long as their honours are fading!
Their actions recorded on History's page,
Who writes them the shortest will be the most sage.
Now turn we to Malta, on laurels reposing,
And leave to our betters the writing and prozing;
Let us kiss the fair damsels, and shew them our scars,
Then kiss them again, and return to the wars."

After this quotation, we deem no comment necessary: it speaks for itself, for the writer, and for us. We have only to say, that if his lines are parallels, we trust his latitudes are more correct; that he will fare better with tropics than with tropes; that his professional will be more secure than his poetical bays; and that if he has lost soundings in verse, he may be warned by the squall, and seek a *trade-wind*, hopeless here, in the seaman's regular course and quarter.

Historical Sketches of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and the principal Persons of that Period, &c. By W. D. Fellowes, Esq. 4to. pp. 508. London, 1828, J. Murray; Paris, Bobée and Hingray.

THAT the period of history to which this book relates is one of great interest, is not to be denied; and that it is worthy of illustration, is a point upon which we are well inclined to agree with the author. But the manner is also something to be considered. Mr. Fellowes sets out with reprinting the account of the king's trial and execution, from Nalson's Journal, accompanied by Historical Sketches, of which he says—"the Historical Sketches of the principal persons who were actors in this comprehensive political scene, which embrace the views and conduct of all the parties concerned, are chiefly taken from the Life of Clarendon and his History of the Rebellion; the Lives of the English Regicides, by Mr. Noble; the Memoirs of Sir Philip Warwick, in the Royal Library at Paris; also from some scarce tracts published at that period. And, after the most diligent search in their collection, the introduction of some very rare prints and outlines, by way of illustration, may be considered as enhancing the interest of the account of the ill-fated monarch's trial and execution." We have accordingly above fifty lithographic plates; but most of them are of the very lowest grade of art. Why the author should copy a very bad print of the beautiful statue at Charing Cross, we cannot conceive. Rosinante was not more unlike Bucephalus than the engraving is to the statue. Vandyke's exquisite

portrait of the Earl of Strafford, too, is in the copy divested of all the heroic nobleness which is admirably expressed in the original; and another of the plates is inscribed, "the trial of Archbishop Laud (Laud), in the *Hold* (old) House of Lords,"—as if the repetition of the blunders of the inscription had been a test of superior fidelity, which in this instance it is not.

Amidst a vast mass of historical extracts, many stale anecdotes are, perhaps unavoidably, obtruded on the reader. Whole pages from Laurence, Eachard, Heath, and Sir Edward Walker's Annals, which the author seems to consider as gleanings from the most impartial sources (see his Preface, p. ii.), are relieved by the remarks of Aubrey, and Lilly the astrologer, by accounts of King Charles's waistcoat, and of a picture made of the hair of the murdered monarch; these were scarcely worth repeating, any more than the stories told of Oliver Cromwell's boyhood, copied from the Biographia Britannica. The author is also very redundant on a point we should think now of very little importance. As it has never yet been proved who was the king's executioner, he has favoured us with every conjecture upon the subject, from that which attributes it to the common hangman, to that which hit upon my Lord Stair. We have, besides, a letter from Mr. Ellis, who takes credit for the discovery.

"British Museum, Dec. 21, 1826."

"Dear Sir,—It was not in my power to answer your note immediately, and I was therefore unwilling to detain your messenger. I certainly believe myself to have hit upon the person who beheaded poor King Charles; but he was not your old man. I have not my papers to refer to at the present moment, for they are with my printer; but the substance amounts to this, that the common executioner was really the person; that he died within six months after the beheading of the king; and that hence came the mystery attending the transaction. The clue which I first obtained to this was from an obscure publication of the time; and I traced the burial of the man in the register of the parish where he was interred, precisely according to the date given in the tract, together with a memorandum in the margin of the register (in a hand nearly, if not quite contemporary) that this person, Richard Brandon, was the man. The first person he had beheaded was Lord Strafford. You see I am very frank with you. Should you mention this circumstance of my discovery, have the goodness to name it as mine, and to add, that in the second series of the Original Letters, which will appear in a month or two, the proofs will form a note. I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"HENRY ELLIS."

Our first extract, by way of illustration, is a mere chance remark.

"It is a remarkable fact, which history was either too idle to ascertain, or too much ashamed to relate, that the arms of Cromwell communicated to Scotland, with other benefits, the first newspaper which had ever illuminated the gloom of the north. Each army carried its own printer with it; expecting either to convince by its reasoning, or to delude by its falsehood. King Charles carried Robert Barker with him to Newcastle, in 1639; and General Cromwell conveyed Christopher Higgins to Leith, in 1652. When Cromwell had here established a citadel, Higgins reprinted, in November of the same year, what had been already published at London:—A Journal of

some Passages and Affairs, for the information of the English Soldiers.—Mercurius Politicus was first reprinted at Leith, on the 26th of October, 1653. The reprinting of it was transferred to Edinburgh, in November, 1654; where it continued to be published till the 11th of April, 1660; and was then reprinted under the name of Mercurius Publicus."

The interest of this miscellany is enhanced by the publication of some original letters and autographs from the Grimthorpe Papers: amongst these is a curious certificate of the city of Wesel, concerning Peregrine Lord Willoughby's birth there, 12th October, anno 1555.

"We, Burgomasters, Aldermen, and Counsellors of y^e city of Wesel, in y^e dutchy of Clere, certify by this present, that in y^e Register-book of this city, in y^e year 1555, y^e 20th of November, is found what follows: In y^e year one thousand five hundred fifty-five since Christ our Saviour was born of y^e Virgin Mary, from y^e creation of y^e world five thousand five hundred twenty-three, and thirty-eight since y^e true doctrine of y^e Gospel was restored by Mr. Martin Luther, a Saturday being y^e twelfth of October, y^e most noble Lady Catherine, Baroness of Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk, in y^e kingdom of England, wife to y^e most noble Prince Sir Richard Bertie, of Eresby, in England, by y^e grace of God, has been brought to bed of a son in this our city of Wesel, in y^e dutchy of Clere; which son, on y^e Monday immediately after his birth, that is, y^e fourteenth of y^e same month, was christened in our church, in y^e suburb commonly call'd Upter Mathene, by Henry Bomelion, minister of y^e same church, and was named Peregrine, because God had granted him to his pious parents in a foreign country, for their comfort in their exile. It was desired that it should be registered in y^e annals. In testimony, we have sealed y^e present with y^e ordinary seal of y^e city, and caused to be signed by y^e clerk in y^e place of y^e secretary deceased. Done at Wesel y^e 19th of January, in y^e year 1601.—Godfr. Nefen, in y^e place of y^e secretary deceased."

The following letter will also interest our readers, though decency compels us to omit the first of the bundle of which it forms one, in the Museum,—a strange epistle, which ought not to have been printed, however characteristic its temptations.

Letter from Charles the Second to Lord Clarendon.—In the British Museum.—Indorsed in Lord Clarendon's hand-writing, and addressed.—For the Chancellor.

"Hanton Court. Thursday morning.

"I forgot when you were here last to desire you to give Brodericke good counsell not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to lett him have a care how he is the authour of any scandalous reports; for if I finde him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life. And now I am entered on this matter, I thinke it very necessary to give you a little good counsell, least you may thinke that by making a farther stirr in the business you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come, if I faile in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wives bed-chamber; and whosoever I finde endeavouring to hinder this resolution of myne (excepte it be only to mysele), I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You

know how much a friend I have been to you, if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of, for I am resolved to go through with this matter, lett what will come on it, which againe I solemnly sweare before Almighty God; wherefore if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business; excepte it be to beate downe all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in; and whomsoever I finde to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may shew this letter to my Lord Lu^{nt}; and if you have bothe a minde to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in the matter.

"CHARLES R."

His Majesty was in earnest, and so the lady became in time Duchess of Cleveland, and mother of Charles, George, and other Fitzroys.

Upon the whole, the want of arrangement and the want of authority are great defects in this volume, though it contains a mass of curious materials. Mr. Fellowes seems to have exercised no judgment upon it, but to have thrown every thing together that came uppermost—the received statements of one writer, and the doubtful and refuted statements of another, as if of the same value, without remark or discrimination. His work will, therefore, rather be sought as a curiosity, than respected as a history.

Notes of a Journey in the North of Ireland in the Summer of 1827; to which is added, a brief Account of the Siege of Londonderry, in 1689. Post 8vo. pp. 185. London, 1828. Baldwin and Co.

We are now so much accustomed to receive various and contradictory accounts from Ireland and of every thing Irish, that we should probably have contented ourselves (particularly as the volume before us is from the pen of a lady) with stating, that it is formed of some slight travelling notes, with copious extracts from Wright's Guide to the Giant's Causeway, Hamilton's Letters on the Coast of Antrim, &c.; and that its type, paper, and illustrations from the clever pencil of George Petrie, are excellent. But we must say a little more, because, since the days of the celebrated "Dickie Twiss," (whom we observe our fair author has consulted, p. 110,) so complete a libel on a fine but unfortunate country has not appeared. As, however, the information, observations, and style, are all equally ambitious and equally feeble, we will be gentle, and dismiss the volume with an extract or two, merely to prove our assertions; and we trust that the writer of these Notes, evidently once an actress, and now a pious person of extraordinary endurance (feeling unwearied at a sermon of an hour and twenty minutes, p. 33) may look with more charity towards her neighbours, as well as, after our leniency, keep her promise to the public, and "endeavour to make amends by retiring, like the snail at the grasshopper's feast, to 'her own little chamber,' where, ensconcing herself beneath the panoply of her native obstinacy, she will manfully resist every temptation from friends (well-intentioned though they be) to re-appear in the character of a tourist, either upon this stage or any other." Preface, p. v.

"I am willing to make excuse for you, my

* Printed at Louth, by J. and J. Jackson, Market-Place; and a highly creditable specimen of typography it is to the Irish press.

good Catholick Paddy; still I do not like you altogether: your ways are not ways of pleasantness; and so evil is the report that is gone forth respecting you, that we do not calculate upon finding peace in your paths. And, Paddy, you have withal a significant spark in your eye, that, methinks, a little fuel would soon kindle into an inextinguishable flame; and, moreover, you have a servility in your demeanour, a cunning flattery in your address, incompatible with uprightness of intention and singleness of heart. I have no desire to dwell with you, in order to try the experiment of cultivating your regard, lest I should find your affection as encroaching and troublesome as your hatred is vindictive and cruel. When I hear that means are to be employed to promote your effectual improvement, I respect the motive, and cordially wish success to an undertaking so laudable. At the same time, I marvel upon what fibre of the tangled and mystic root of your character these wise and skilful operators will commence their labour of love, for the purpose of making the tree good; because we do not expect 'to gather figs from thistles;' and I tell you plainly, that we shall never place implicit dependance upon your good faith or good conduct, so long as you

'Lay the flattering unction to your soul,' that to dabble in a temporal spring will absolve you from your sins, or that they may be bleached to emulate the snow upon a bush in the form of a rag."

And again:

"England! with all thy faults, I love thee still!"

This beautiful apostrophe, which emanated from the pen of our immortalised bard, and which has since been echoed and re-echoed by wits and wittlings of every description, in every variety of tone, cadence, and circumstance, appears to harmonise peculiarly with the feelings, when returning from a country whose habits in some respects differ essentially from our own. Had the gentle and sensitive author traversed this picturesque land; had he felt the inconvenience of cutting his own bread and butter, and peeling his own potatoes; had he bewailed the delinquency of tardy waiters and slippery chamber-maids; had he been annoyed with the cloudiness of seldom-cleaned windows, and the dinginess of not too frequently brushed door-stones—true, these are trifles, but

'Trifles make the sum of human things!'

and then, had the good man returned to his own England, where he knew he should find the picture reversed, and countless advantages besides, he would have hugged the dear conviction to his heart, and have neither heard, felt, nor seen, one single fault she has."

We will give a specimen of style, and then conclude.

"This morning we bade adieu to Londonderry, and to the kind friends who have done so much to make it agreeable."

'Farewell! a word that must be,

A sound which makes us linger: yet, farewell!

Adieu to thee, lovely city—queen of the north! to thy ample flood, thy hoary mountains, and thy sheltered valleys! We have gazed upon ye in the freshness of early morn, in the sobriety of dewy eve, in storm and in sunshine, and ye were ever interesting. We may never see you more; but your pleasant impression upon our memories will not be soon or easily obliterated."

The account of the Giant's Causeway commences at page 76, from which, to page 79 is an extract from Wright's Guide Book; from page 79 to page 83 is, in continuation, an

extract from Hamilton's Antrim; page 83 is an extract, in further continuation, from Quilinan's "Dunluce Castle," a favourite poem with the writer of these Notes; and no wonder, when it contains such military lines as, no

"human hand had laid
That sea-invading epland."

And

"For there in wildest fury frantic
For ever roars the vast Atlantic."

From page 83 to page 85 we have Wright again, with a long note from Hume's History of England! And so on; but amidst this direct and open pillage of ten successive pages, we find Sir Walter Scott's ballad of "Bonnie Dundee," (which we first printed by permission in the *Literary Gazette*), taken without the slightest mention of the source from whence it was derived, that pretty Juvenile Annual the Christmas Box, and given as if it had been communicated direct by the writer.

Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

We briefly mentioned this work some weeks ago (June 21st), and noticed the author's journey across the Andes into Peru, and his gallant services in the Patriot cause, both with Lord Cochrane and the native armies. His personal adventures form a prominent feature in these various scenes; and his accounts of a multitude of the persons who have acted conspicuous parts in the struggle, as well as of the leading incidents, vicissitudes, intrigues, murders, battles, and massacres, in which they figured, give great animation to the *Memoirs*. As we have frequently, however, been the course of our critical career, gone over the ground of the old Spanish oppressions in South America, the revolts of the natives, and the results of their collision, we shall not again travel through the painful details. General Miller, now a resident at Brussels, where he is educating his only daughter, enjoys the honour of having founded the independence of Peru; but its several revolutions after his resignation and departure, in 1822, finally terminated in the decisive battle of Ayacucho, December 1824, of which we shall insert General Miller's description, as a fair specimen of his interesting publication. On the 3d the patriots had been severely handled.

General Sucre conducted the retreat with skill, but his numbers were so alarmingly reduced, that nothing but some desperate effort was likely to save his army from destruction. The viceroy sent detachments to Marca, Mayoc, and other defiles, to render them impassable, and to destroy the bridges. The Indians of Guanta, Guancavelica, Chincheros, Huando, and the adjacent villages, had been induced to rise against the liberating army. They had assassinated upwards of one hundred sick with their escorts, together with the escorts of some of the baggage. The hills which overlook the village of Quinua were occupied by hostile Indians, who had the boldness to approach within half a mile of the patriot encampment, and succeeded in capturing several head of oxen from a party of dragoons. During the preceding fortnight, the casualties of the liberating army had not been less than 1000, so that at Quinua it amounted to less than 6000 effective men. The cavalry, having lost their miles at Corpogayco, were obliged to walk and lead their horses, many of which became disabled in consequence of having cast their shoes. A patriot battalion, and some detachments of convalescents, on their way

from Xauxa to join the liberating army, were attacked in the dark by the Indians of Huando, and obliged to retreat with loss. Every circumstance seemed to concur to increase the gloom which overhung the prospects of the patriots. They could not retreat; they could not attack the royalists, on account of the abrupt ravine, 200 yards deep, between the two armies; and want of provisions would have rendered their remaining in that position five days longer impossible. All was now ominous and fearful; but the spirits and courage of the republicans appeared to rise in proportion as the affairs became more desperate; and it will soon be seen what brave men, ably led on, can effect in the cause of liberty. * * *

"The night of the 8th was one of deep and anxious interest. A battle was inevitable on the following day, and that battle was to decide the destinies of South America. The patriots were aware that they had to contend with twice their own numbers; and that nothing but a decisive victory could save them and their country from ignominious servitude. The patriot soldier might indeed expect to escape with life, reduced to the condition of a slave; but with the patriot generals and officers, it was only a choice between death and victory. They knew full well what would be the cruel policy of the Spaniards if they proved victorious. The viceroy was, it is true, a man of humane disposition; but the individual who counselled Monet to shoot two patriot officers in the pass of San Mateo, and the other man (if such he may be called) who ran his sword through the wounded and defenceless Major Gumer, on the field at Ica, were, with others, of a character equally sanguinary amongst the advisers of Laserna; and it is extremely probable that unsparing executions would have been resorted to in the hope of destroying the very germ of future insurrection. Every one felt that the approaching battle was to have no common result. The morning of the 9th dawned particularly fine. At first there was a chilliness in the air which seemed to influence the minds of the men; but when the sun arose above the mountain, the effects of its genial warmth became manifest in the raised spirits of the soldiers. The men on both sides were observed rubbing their hands, and exhibiting every token of content and satisfaction. At nine a.m. the division Villalobos began to descend. The viceroy on foot placed himself at its head, and the files wound down the craggy side of Condorkanki, obliquing a little to their left. The division Monet, forming the royalist right, commenced at the same time to defile directly into the plain. The cavalry, leading their horses, made the same movement, though with greater difficulty, at intervals, between the infantry of each division. As the files arrived on the plain, they formed into column. This was a moment of extraordinary interest. It appeared as though respiration were suspended by feelings of anxiety, mingled with doubts and hope. It was during this operation, which had an imposing effect, that General Sucre rode along his own line, and, addressing a few emphatic words to each corps, recalled to memory its former achievements. He then placed himself in a central point, in front of his line, and in an inspiring tone of voice, said, 'That upon the efforts of that day depended the fate of South America'; then pointing to the descending columns, he assured his men, 'that another day of glory was about to crown their admirable constancy.' This animating address of the general produced an electric effect, and was answered by enthusiastic 'vivas.'

By the time that rather more than half the royalist divisions, Monet and Villalobos, had reached and formed upon the arena, General Sucre ordered the division Cordova and two regiments of cavalry to advance to the charge. The gallant Cordova dismounted, and placed himself about fifteen yards in front of his division, formed into four parallel columns with the cavalry in the interval. Holding his hat with his left hand above his head, he exclaimed, *Adelante, paso de vencedores* (onwards, with the step of conquerors). These words, pronounced with dignified animation, were heard distinctly throughout the columns, which, inspired by the gallant bearing of their leader, moved to the attack in the finest possible order. The Spaniards stood firmly and full of apparent confidence. The viceroy, Monet, and Villalobos, were seen at the head of their divisions, superintending the formation of their columns as they reached the plain. The hostile bayonets crossed, and for three or four minutes the two parties were seen struggling together, so as to leave it doubtful which would give way. At this moment the Colombian cavalry, headed by Colonel Silva, charged. This brave officer fell covered with wounds, but the intrepidity of the onset was irresistible. The royalists lost ground, and were driven to the heights of Condorkanki with great slaughter. The vice-king was wounded and taken prisoner. As the fugitives climbed the sides of Condorkanki, the patriots kept up a well-directed fire, and numbers of the enemy were seen to drop and roll down, till their progress was arrested by the brush-wood, or some jutting crag. General Miller, who had accompanied Cordova's division, perceiving its complete success, returned to the regiment of Usares de Junin, which fortunately, as it subsequently turned out, had been left in reserve. At dawn of day, the royalist division, Valdez, had commenced a detour of nearly a league. Descending the sides of Condorkanki on the north, Valdez placed himself on the left of the patriots at musket-shot distance, separated by a ravine. At the important moment of the battle just described, he opened a heavy fire from four field-pieces and a battalion in extended files. By this, he obliged two battalions of the Peruvian division, De la Mar, to fall back. The Colombian battalion, Vargas, sent to support the Peruvian division, also began to give way. Two royalist battalions crossed the deep ravine, already spoken of, on the left, and advanced in double-quick time in pursuit of the retiring patriots. At this critical juncture, General Miller led the hussars of Junin against the victorious Spaniards, and by a timely charge drove them back, and followed them across the ravine, being further supported by the *granaderos a caballo*, and by the division La Mar, which had rallied. The artillery of Valdez was taken; his cavalry retired; and his infantry dispersed. The royalists had now lost the battle, and fled to the ridge from which they had descended in the morning with so much confidence. The action lasted an hour. Fourteen hundred royalists were killed, and seven hundred wounded; and they lost fifteen pieces of artillery. The loss on the part of the patriots was three hundred and seventy killed, and six hundred and nine wounded. * * *

"The plan of the royalists was to wait until Valdez had outflanked the left of Sucre's position, from which, having driven the patriots, the viceroy was to advance and complete the victory. The mistake of the viceroy in attacking at all, originated in suffering himself to be impelled to it by the eagerness of his

troops. Their patience had been worn out by the terrible marches, which appeared to them to be endless. At Guamanigua a system of pasquinading had been adopted. The tents of the viceroy, of Canterac, and others, had various lampoons pasted on them; and it may be fairly said, that they were goaded into a general action contrary to their own judgment. The royalists, upon regaining the height of Condorkanki, rallied as many of their defeated troops as they possibly could. The patriot divisions La Mar and Lara gained the summit of the heights at about one p.m. Shortly before sunset General Canterac sued for terms, and within an hour rode down himself to the tent of Sucre, where a capitulation was agreed upon. Generals Laserna, Canterac, Valdez, Carratala, Monet, Villalobos, Ferraz, Bedoya, Somocursio, Cacho, Atero, Landasuri, Garcia-Camba, Pardo, Vigil, and Tur; 16 colonels, 68 lieutenant-colonels, 484 officers, 3200 rank and file, became prisoners of war. The rest had dispersed.—The battle of Ayacucho was the most brilliant ever fought in South America. The troops on both sides were in a state of discipline which would have been creditable to the best European armies. The ablest generals and chiefs of either party were present. And it is difficult to say which army most panted for an appeal to the sword; and every man fought with undaunted bravery. What the patriots wanted in numbers was made up by enthusiasm, and by a perfect knowledge that, if beaten, retreat was utterly impracticable. It was not a victory of mere chance, but the result of the most determined bravery, and an irresistible onset conceived and executed at the proper moment."

There are some curious anecdotes added to the history of this fight, so memorable in its consequences; but we have only room for the following:—

"The men of one squadron and all the officers of a royalist cavalry regiment wore silver helmets. These became the objects of the particular attention of the patriot soldiers during the pursuit. Some had the presence of mind to save themselves by throwing off their helmets, which, like the golden apples of Hippomenes, did not fail to arrest the progress of their pursuers. These silver baits proved as irresistible to the patriot soldiers as the apples to Atalanta. In a few hours every silver helmet had changed, not exactly heads, but owners; for all were broken up and stowed away in the valises of the captors."

"General Miller continued to be occupied on various duties till a very late hour. About midnight he visited the captive viceroy, General La Serna, who had been placed in one of the best of the miserable habitations of Quinua. When Miller entered, he found the viceroy sitting on a bench, and leaning against the mud wall of the hut. A feeble glimmering from the wick of a small earthen lamp threw just enough light around to render visible his features, which were shaded by his white hair, still partially clotted with blood from the wound he had received. His person, tall, and at all times dignified, now appeared most venerable and interesting. The attitude, the situation, and the scene altogether, was precisely that which an historical painter would have chosen to represent the dignity of fallen greatness. Reflecting on the vicissitudes of fortune, it may be imagined with what feelings Miller advanced towards the man, who, but a few hours previously, had exercised a kingly power. The viceroy was the first to speak, and holding out his hand, said, 'You, general, we all know

full well: we have always considered you as a personal friend, notwithstanding all the mischiefs you have done, and the state of alarm in which you have so repeatedly kept us. In spite of my misfortunes, I rejoice to see you.'

The viceroy afterwards observed, that a sentry had been placed, as he supposed by some mistake, in the same room with him, and that, in the confusion and hurry of the time, his own wound had not been even washed. General Miller immediately ordered the guard outside, and sent for a surgeon. When the wound was dressed, Miller, in tendering his farther services, told the viceroy, that the only refreshment he had it in his power to offer was a little tea, which he happened to have with him, and which he believed no other person in the army could supply. The viceroy, enfeebled by loss of blood, appeared to revive at the very mention of this beverage. He said, 'it is indeed the only thing I could now take. One cup of it would reanimate and keep me from sinking.' When the tea was brought, the venerable viceroy drank it with eagerness, and was perhaps more grateful for this seasonable relief than for any kindness or favour he had ever received. He expressed his acknowledgments in the warmest terms to Miller, who felt peculiar gratification in having it in his power to pay this small attention to the distinguished prisoner. He had been long before informed that the viceroy had repeatedly declared, that in the event of his (Miller's) being taken prisoner, that he should be treated as a brother (*como hermano*), and furnished with ample means to return to his own country, the only condition meant to be imposed upon him. Laserna commenced his career in the Spanish artillery, and, when lieutenant-colonel, served under the celebrated Palafox, at Saragossa, in 1809. Laserna has withdrawn from public life, and resides in his native town of Xeres de la Frontera, in Andalusia. After taking leave of the viceroy, General Miller called upon General Sucre, where he found General Canterac and some Spanish officers who had accompanied him to Quinua, to arrange the terms of the capitulation. They took up their quarters in Miller's hut for the remainder of the night. They laid themselves down upon the earthen floor, where it was difficult to find a dry spot, as the rain pelted through several parts of the roof: notwithstanding which, they all soon fell asleep, with the exception of Canterac and Miller, who conversed for some time on the varying events of the last campaign. The former was in a state of great excitement, and repeatedly exclaimed, 'General Miller—General Miller—all this appears to be a dream! (*esto parece sueño!*) how strange is the fortune of war! Who would have said, twenty-four hours ago, that I should have been your guest? but it cannot be helped: the harassing war is now over, and, to tell you the truth, we were all heartily tired of it.' General Canterac is a Frenchman."

Here we must end; and have only again to recommend these volumes to the public, as being very illustrative of the war for South American independence. Some good maps, &c. also give them a lasting interest of another kind.

A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany; giving some Account of the Operas of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, &c. &c. By a Musical Professor. 12mo. pp. 286. London, 1823. Hunt and Clarke.

MUSIC is widely cultivated in Germany; and the country can not only boast of much vocal

talent, but of an almost general knowledge and appreciation of that branch of the profession, as well as of instrumental compositions and mixed performances, whether military band, sacred masses, chorus, opera, or oratorio. Our author having made a gratifying tour among the gratifications thus presented to the musical amateur, and enjoyed the hospitalities of a kindly people, has transcribed his feelings, and related his observations, in a manner peculiarly pleasing; and it is long since we have met with a volume of less pretence, containing more to interest the reader.

His summer musical ramble commences at Antwerp; and he continues to give us, in a playful style, an account of all the memorabilia connected with music and its professors that struck him as curious; and occasionally notices of other kinds, which vary and lighten the scientific details. These we shall open with an anecdote, &c.

"It may serve as a characteristic anecdote of the German dilettanti in music, to relate, that having some business with an ambassador, a domestic ushered me into the chamber of audience, where I found the secretary of that accomplished diplomatist, having thrown aside his papers and documents, standing in his shirt over a violin concerto of Mayseider, and labouring hard at its passages. It was evident he did not expect visitors. Having, therefore, apologised for receiving me in that airy dress, which I presume he had selected during the warm weather for a greater freedom of his bow-arm, he laid down his instrument, and retiring into an inner chamber, came forth in a morning gown, and settled my business with perfect coolness and composure. A rencontre of this kind is so completely opposed to the formality and ceremony which is naturally expected in official people, that it upsets one's gravity for the instant; but upon maturer reflection, it should produce admiration at that indifference to vulgar prejudices and decorum which does not sacrifice a tasteful employment, or a buoyant costume, for the risk of being surprised in a lapse of dignity. The itinerant musicians in Germany, who go about the country in small bands, like wandering Troubadours, are a class so clever and eminent in their way as to deserve notice. For a few florins these poor fellows will amuse you with such an exhibition of tone and skill as would set up an English artist of the first water. They are a set of poor but merry companions, with as little discord in their social intercourse as disturbs the harmony of their instruments; happy in spite of threadbare coats, and sunburnt, weather-beaten faces, but with a gentility of mind (owing to their acquaintance with music) much superior to other people of their caste. A friend invited me to an evening concert, in which were performed the overtures and various pieces from the Don Juan and Clemenza di Tito of Mozart, excellently arranged as sestetts for two clarionets, two bassoons, and two horns: there was not power enough for the full pieces, but the airs pleased me exceedingly, being blown with so subdued and mellow a tone as might have been borne in a small room. This *harmonie musik*, as it is termed, is a species entirely of German cultivation; and I suspect that the wrath of old Dominico Scarlatti against wind instruments might be appeased, were he to hear how skillfully they are tempered. One of the performers gratified me with a piece of sentiment which I did not expect from a person of his appearance: after playing a tender air from an opera of Mozart, he said, 'I

think the composer means that the lady feels pain here, placing his hand on his heart."

Another extract.

"In the opinion of the musical people here, there is no operatic writer at present living in Germany whose natural gifts have been more abused than those of Spontini. They are right in saying that the French have spoilt what was originally good in this composer. Every fresh opera which was intended by Spontini to make a sensation among the Parisians, had more horns or trombones than the last; and to carry this excitement to a higher pitch of the *frappant*, he in one of his compositions introduced the Cyclops at work, each hammering on a gong; a very laughable mode of being original, as, if degrees of noise constitute those of excellence in music, what dire explosion will it be that gives the *ultimatum* of the art, and decides what is to be considered as its perfection? In a composer who, like Spontini, was capable of imitating Gluck, the extravagance is less pardonable than in a mere adventurer. Of these tricks, which lower the intellectual quality of music (as if its expression could really be heightened by pieces of stage effect), one is recorded of Sarti, who actually caused cannon to be fired during certain pauses of a miserere composed for the Russians. Such devices, however they may succeed at first, will not attain their object a second time, and may so cure themselves; but there must be as much effrontery required to exercise them as was possessed by the celebrated French preacher, who, having set before his hearers with great eloquence the terrors of the last judgment, described the Omnipotent surrounded by his angels, and dwelt upon heavenly joys and infernal agonies, while they listened with rapt attention, suddenly caused a trumpet to be blown (which he had preconcerted), and the congregation were thrown into a great panic, naturally concluding that it was the sound of that trumpet of which they were so earnestly thinking. The musician may, however (like Rousseau from his mad sinfonia, and Dr. Busby from his oratorio for three orchestras), escape from the performance of his composition; and if he be inclined to try fanciful experiments, I think it is the most sensible plan he can adopt.—Some specimens of the English composers are now for the first time appearing here in numbers, and the work might be, if properly conducted, such as to raise the character of the English as composers to that degree of esteem in which our old cathedral masters richly deserve it should be held, and to rescue us from the imputation we enjoy abroad—of not being able to get beyond a ditty. This publication, which consists exclusively of vocal compositions, confounds all styles and names, ancient and modern,—and it is evidently conducted by one who does not know where to place his hand upon our most valuable performances in church music and madrigals. Morley, M. P. King, and Webbe, are classed together in it, as if those composers could convey any idea of the truly unrivalled skill in vocal canons and other pieces of learned counterpoint with which Purcell and his contemporaries have immortalised their names. When Dr. Boyce's great collection of our cathedral music is well known in Germany, then, and not till then, will the Germans know what masterly invention, both as to science and feeling, have originated in our country."

That we may enjoy the *original* ideas of some of the German music at least, the following may be a key:—"I was informed that the

fine quartett of Mozart in D minor (which was played during the evening) was written by that composer under great mental depression, his wife being at the time under the actual pangs of her confinement. This history of a celebrated work is worth preservation." [We rather think it is *not*; but if *funatico* will account for any absurdity.] Music, however, with all its powers, will not explain the next trait.

"The Bavarian women are celebrated for their innate kindness and goodness of heart; and there is a saying with respect to them, which has grown in some parts of the country almost proverbial—'Sie werden nichts abschlagen,'—'they will refuse nothing.' Whether such an observation may be borne out in fact, in its widest application, I presume not to say; but their friendly natures are sufficiently evident. A young opera-singer of Munich, who travelled with me, having worn himself out by excess of joking and laughter during the day, became sleepy in the evening; and, not occupying a corner of the coach, found his head rather inconvenient. A Bavarian lady, who sat next to him, protesting that she could never sleep in a coach, surrendered her place to him; and in a few minutes his head was recumbent on her shoulder, his arm round her waist, and he slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, I walked with my musical friend to view the ruins of a little Gothic church in the moonlight; and on asking him if he was acquainted with the lady on whose shoulder he had slept so well, he replied, 'I have never seen her before—but we do these things for one another in Bavaria.'"

At Berlin we have a high encomium upon a female singer, which, from the taste and judgment of the writer, we receive as well deserved.

"Of the Iphigenia of Mademoiselle Scheckner I cannot speak with any feeling short of rapture: a better voice, a more chastened style, both in recitative and song, has never been heard on the stage—besides, she has faith in the capability of Gluck. This prima donna is about eighteen years of age, and a visitor at Berlin from Munich: she is a beautiful girl, who gives up all her young enthusiasm to music, without an atom of that self-sufficiency which is too frequently taken for science. During the whole of this arduous attempt, I did not detect a single false intonation—which, by the by, was lucky, for the pit and boxes in Berlin are enormously critical, and can tell wrong notes from right ones."

"Mademoiselle Scheckner has, in sustaining the first part of a one-act opera, entitled *Cordelia*, done more for her reputation as a singer than even by her performance in Gluck's opera. The music of this piece, which is by Kreutzer, more resembles one impassioned scena for a soprano than an opera: it is in a very grand style of composition, and very nearly an hour long. In a girl only eighteen years old, I have never met with any attempt so arduous and so successful; and the last is owing entirely to her having an intense perception of her author's meaning, and a total destitution of vanity and affectation."

Let us contrast this with another.

"At the König Städtisches Theater (there are three here in constant play) Mademoiselle Sontag is the presiding deity—the goddess of the students, and the Vestris of Berlin: and few there are whose hearts are fenced with such impenetrable buff as to rebel against her sovereignty, or refuse to adore. When

* M. Laporte must try to get her over.

the lady plays, the doors and lobby of the theatre are beset by all the wild youths of the city, each of whom would consider himself a traitor to the cause of beauty if he did not contribute all that in him lay to make the entrance as much like a bear-garden as possible: there is no such thing as attaining to a song here but at the expense of *mobbing*, rib-squeezing, and considerable condensation of the person. Those who expect to find in Mademoiselle Sontag a musical genius, will be disappointed: nor do I think her fame would have reached England, had it not been for certain circumstances of gossip unconnected with her profession. The lady is of middling height, well formed, with fair hair, and a set of little features which have a kind expression in them. To venture upon elaborate praise of the complexion and shape of an actress, as it may involve a eulogium on the perfumer or staymaker, which is not intended for those worthies, would be imprudent as well as presumptuous. Mademoiselle Sontag has a pleasant quality of voice, with a small quantity of tone in it, but with plenty of flexibility; an endowment which she displays so frequently, that if one could but check the fluttering, unstable, whimsical little creature, a long breathing clear note would be invaluable. Her highest praise is said to be, that she sings Rossini's music perfectly, and joins to this great *naïveté* in her acting, and that such qualifications for a performer are seldom found in company. In a French opera by Auber, of which the German version is called *Der Schnee* (The Snow), Mademoiselle Sontag turns the heads of the whole town: in this piece the audience is charmed with every flourish, enraptured with every look, movement, or gesture; and as to her playfulness, it is seen with ecstasy. The fact is, that Mademoiselle Sontag is not tried at the severe tribunal of the German opera in Berlin, but sings at a theatre where three parts of the people come to see her alone; and among her admirers are certainly not to be reckoned those whose judgment in musical matters is of the clearest. The dispassionate, unprejudiced listener discovers little more to admire in her roulades than he has heard hundreds of times in those of other singers. Mademoiselle Sontag has a distinct articulation, and deals in all the minutiae of refinement; but in a sustained *cantabile*, that sort of movement in which the soul of the singer looks out, she is lamentably deficient. It is the leaven of Catalani's bad style which has deteriorated the taste of the present day, and directly opposes it to a simple and natural mode of expression."

We must reserve a few further extracts till our next.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Present State of the Tenancy of Land in Great Britain; showing the principal Customs and Practices between Incoming and Outgoing Tenants; and the most usual Method under which Land is now held in the several Counties: from a Survey made in 1827 and 1828, by the Authors, L. Kennedy and T. B. Grainger. 8vo. pp. 384. London, J. Ridgway.

The title-page almost sufficiently expounds the character of this volume; but we would substitute England for "Great Britain;" as only two Scots counties, Berwickshire and East Lothian, are included in the author's views. An able Introduction dwells on the danger of too great a depreciation of agricultural produce; and furnishes much valuable original informa-

tion on the subjects most interesting to landlords and tenants. On the whole, we consider the work to be not only valuable from the intelligence it has collected, but still more so from the excellent hints and suggestions which the authors throw out on many topics of the utmost consequence to every class of agriculturists, and to the country at large.

Farewell to Time: or, Last Views of Life, and Prospects of Immortality. Including Devotional Exercises to be used by the Sick, or by those who minister to them. By the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice." 12mo. pp. 499. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: London, Whittaker.

THIS is a book of pure and beautiful Christian devotion, rendered the more effectual from being founded, in all its sentiments, on natural affections and rational piety. There is hardly a trouble or trial in this world which its simplicity, pathos, and consolatory suggestions, may not help to soothe; and we sincerely recommend it to every class, but particularly to the afflicted and bereaved.

Mr. Denman's Inaugural Discourse at the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution. E. Wilson.

A PAMPHLET of sixteen pages, and not remarkable either for acuteness of observation or depth of thought. We might have expected better things from the eminent character of the learned Common Sergeant; but it often happens, that great abilities, employed on matters easy to inferior talents, but out of the pale of their usual direction, cannot master the veriest trifle, though competent to grapple with the greatest difficulty.

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. I.

[In an age when education is so much spoken of; when so many and so various plans are continually devised for the better instruction of the young, the poor, and the hitherto neglected; when almost every place has its system, and almost every hour its publication—we trust we may do a general service to the community by briefly characterising a series of those numerous works which have accumulated on our hands, relating to every kind of discipline and tuition. Our purpose is neither to generalise nor philosophise on new theories and debatable principles; but simply to consider each production separately upon its own merits, state its pretensions, and give a fair and candid opinion upon its utility or defects. These papers shall be but short, and will not, therefore, occupy much of our room or much of our reader's time: we hope also, that if they do not furnish amusement, they may at least be profitably consulted by teachers and parents.]

Cursory Thoughts on Education; with a Preface by the Rev. Brian Hill, A.M. 12mo. pp. 38. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS little essay broaches a very plausible theory of education, evidently formed on the principles of reason, and particularly inculcating the necessity of blending religious impressions with moral and literary instruction. On the latter account it would be peculiarly worthy of consideration by the Council of the London University, did its scope include so advanced a period of education: at all events, the principles of the writer might be advantageously studied. The treatise is written in a plain and familiar style, and (to use the words of the rev. editor in his preface) "contains many striking thoughts, and is calculated to be highly beneficial to those who are concerned in the education of children."

The Boy's own Book; a complete Encyclopædia of all the Diversions, athletic, scientific, and recreative, of Boyhood and Youth. pp. 448. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co.

SOME part of this compilation deserves con-

siderable praise, but there is at the same time much to condemn.

The Boy's own Book professes to present to his notice all the principal amusements and recreative occupations which may afford him pleasure in his time of play; and we think, that in concocting such a book, due care ought to have been pre-eminently taken to present such things only as could conduce to unexceptionable and conscientious pleasure—such as would have rendered the book entirely fit to put at any time into the hands of any boy. This absolute desideratum, we lament to say, has evidently been forgotten. Leaving it to the heads of families in general to decide whether such things as "Fencing," "the Pigeon, Rabbit, and Bird Fancier," &c. (in which the directions as regards breeding, &c. are very unfit for youth), are proper or necessary to be included in a directory of sports for children, we must give our unqualified vote of condemnation against the introduction of games of chance, or feats of legerdemain, in such a work. Are not the unworthy arts of gambling and jugglery, and with them the vices of artfulness, low cunning, avarice, deceit, and numerous other evils, readily enough to be attained by youth, without the aid of instruction during the years of childhood and tuition? What must be thought by any person of proper feeling, of those who unhesitatingly endeavour to instil the art of cruelty into infant minds? Yet, in the *Boy's own Book* we find them (in the article of angling) instructed to pass the hook carefully through live bait, and to sew up the mouth, taking care, at the same time, not to kill it. Thus, in p. 85, we are told that "a live bait should have a number 3 or 4 hook passed through its lips, or the flesh beneath the back fin, taking care not to wound the back-bone, or the bait will soon die"! This is a sample of the instruction intended in the *Boy's own Book* for the rising generation. Again, to justify the introduction of games of chance to the attention of children, the editor remarks, "as in the case of chess, bets are seldom made upon the game of draughts; it cannot therefore be deemed in any manner conducive to gambling, which we most earnestly entreat our young readers on all possible occasions to avoid, as they value their present comfort and future welfare." In this entreaty, as sincere friends to youth, we most heartily join; but we leave it to moralists, to fathers and mothers, to say, whether the best method of preventing a love of gambling in young minds, is to initiate them in the first principles of the destructive attainment, by teaching them games and jugglery tricks with cards?

Had the *Boy's own Book* been confined within the limits of its "minor and athletic sports," &c. it would have been an amusing and unobjectionable present for youth; but, in its present state, no parent safely can, and no prudent parent will, submit it to the inspection of his children.

Rhymes on Geography and History. By W. S. Sankey, A.M. 12mo. pp. 47. Whittaker.

THE object of this little work is laudable and reasonable, that of blending amusement with instruction; but we advise the author to bear instruction more in view, and indulge less in metaphysical disquisition and dissertations on the derivation of names. Such things are ridiculous when introduced in a work intended solely for children; and for no other class of readers are these Rhymes calculated. The poetry of the work is very insipid, but, per-

haps, for that reason, much easier for infant minds. By attending more strictly to the simple objects of his undertaking, in its succeeding parts, Mr. Sankey may, probably, produce a trifle of considerable utility to the instructors of childhood.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 12.

EACH time I have the pleasure to address you, I long for an earthquake shock, or the promised comet, which is to put us all in confusion—in fact, for any phenomenon, to give the world a jog, so as to turn things out of the common routine, and thus afford some variety to my pen; for to be ever weaving news from the same subjects, is as insipid as eating *toujours perdrix*, and must be more indigestible to my readers. Even in this capital of capitals, where invention is always on the alert to kill old Time, and keep *enroui* at bay, there is a sameness in what is denominated pleasure; nor as yet has any one discovered an effectual specific against yawning, or a means of putting *la tristesse* to flight, except for the moment. Prayers now seem a *pass-temps à la mode*—at least, churches are so crowded at fashionable hours, that it is quite impossible to squeeze through the throng, except at the risk of *gigot* sleeves being sadly maltreated, wigs tumbled off, false *tourneurs* torn away; and all the little hidden vanities of this wicked life brought to light. Contrary to the good maxim of not judging one another, it is the first impulse experienced in contemplating the numerous congregations convened in those sanctified places; for one involuntarily questions the motives of each individual's presence there. The assembly appears to me to be divided into three orders; first, old dames, meagre as penitents at the end of Lent, who having abandoned the freshness and warmth of their youth to earthly enjoyments, deem it but fair, just, and right, to dedicate their decayed and faded *beaux restes*, or more literally speaking, ugly remains, to Heaven: secondly, ladies whose purses refuse them the gratification of indulging in feasting or luxury;—or, buying up the sighs of penniless youths, and who therefore, *faute des miens*, turn furious devotees, rail at those who are more fortunate, and digest their spleen by *Aves Marias*: thirdly, come the speculators—some for wives, some for places, not in heaven, but on earth,—for piety paves the way to honours here below:—so you may imagine what ultra grimacing goes forward, as according to the distortion of the "human face divine," is judged the ardour of religious feelings,—eyes turned almost inside out, cheeks drawn in, mouth dragged down, body bent to the ground, are the imageries best adapted to catch the eye of *monseigneur le curé*, or other spiritual spies, who grant their protection in proportion to the hideous zeal displayed by the most adept hypocrites, *car il faut trancher le mot*. Sometimes it may happen that a good sermon is preached; but the constant buzz, blowing of noses, coughing, &c. prevents either hearing or following the discourse; and we may say of the lecturer

"Il parle—il se tait—qu'a-t-il dit?
On l'ignore, et l'on applaudit."

En attendant la sortie of the multitude from chapel are a numerous swarm of beggars, that speculate on the tender feelings inspired by religion, and therefore hold out their hands to the *passants*, who, indeed, seldom refuse to give a slight donation. It is said that some of these mendicants are rich; but their appear-

ance, generally speaking, is horrifying and humiliating to those possessed of the same nature. Infirmary, filth of apparel, and distorted countenances, often render these wretched creatures the objects of disgust rather than of pity: in fact, some of them appear scarcely human;—~~for, owing to over-work, and carrying weights above their strength when young, many are completely doubled in two, and unable to stand upright.~~

The theatre named l'Ambigu Comique, he rival of La Gaîté, which was burnt down some time ago, is rebuilt, and ready to receive the public. The edifice is far from being superb; but three ranges of columns, rising one above another, and forming three different porticoes, give a very fine effect, and attract the eye: the first range of columns is of the Doric order, the second Ionic, and the third Corinthian; thus, consisting of a mixture of different orders, it is criticised by connoisseurs in architecture. I think half the theatres will soon be converted into chapels; for the latter have increased and multiplied out of all proportion. Since the year 1808 they have added fifteen to their number; so that now twenty-three are in existence, which overstock ruins the royal theatres, as the receipts by no means rise in an equal ratio—scarcely ever exceeding six millions.

Curiosity tempted me for once to attend l'Ecole de Declamation of M. Cartigny: such an exhibition one might expect to witness at Charleston; for the hurlements of the young tragedians were rather the yells of madmen; and if M. Cartigny succeeds in extracting an ounce of good sense or talent from those juvenile performers, the miracle ought to gain him at least a place amongst magicians. However, as, where there is a deficiency of genius, there is generally much self-possession, these strapping-looking young actors, and heavy, vulgar actresses, were enchanted with themselves, and stared the audience into applause.

Article illustré
AEROSTATION.
To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—It was to be expected, from your name of Litter-Airy Gaze-at, that you would take some notice of my ass-ent last week, and I am much obliged to you for the interest you express on my behalf. It is, indeed, a cruel thing that I should be obliged to leave the Litter for the Airy station; but what can a poor Pony do, far from home, and without a friend? I struggled as much and as long as I could; I rejected both the beans and the Greens that were to go up with me; but when my fetlocks were locked in, I found all farther resistance vain, and was forced at the same moment not only to be mounted, but also to mount! In this unpleasant situation, having been originally, when in Shetland, of shy-scientific habits, my love of shy-hence recurred; and I hope you will not consider it an ungrateful return for your kindness that I transmit you a short account of my observations, which you will find to be quite as valuable, and as productive of useful results, as any that have been made during the last ten years of ballooning. In the first place, it is a fib to say that I trembled (see Green's story in the newspapers) at the moment when the last rope was cut; it was Master Green's own shaking that made him fancy I was alarmed. The fact is, that I never was more cool in my life than I was throughout the whole of this senseless piece of business; and that at first setting off I indulged in a horse laugh (the system of Tie-o Bray being

quite exploded by us Copernicans) at the sea of gaping, up-turned mouths which I saw below. I, by way of fun, discharged a little of my ballast into a few of them; and, being thus lightened, rose rapidly. In about five minutes I distinctly saw the Haymarket directly under my feet; and heard the voices of the men remaining with the last loads disputing about the price. When at the height of about seventeen miles, as nearly as I could guess, (for we never carry instruments now,) we had a delightful view of Charles' Wain, and Pegasus and Aquileus, and also of Bootes, the latter being quite different from any terrestrial object that I had ever seen in our stable, or at any inn where I had travelled before. We soon after descended and passed through a cloudy Rack, the worst I ever met with in my experience, and rendered the more disagreeable from my having just caught a glimpse of Præsepe, or the Manger, in the midst of Cancer, so that I was literally between Rack and Manger. Owing to the reflection of the direct rays of the sun from above and the oblique rays from the clouds beneath, the hail-stones looked exactly like Poland outs; and I was exceedingly disappointed at finding they were only a pelting shower, preparing for the wide-mouthed friends I had left behind me on earth. Having now been taking an airing for about half an hour, I began to think it high time to come to the ground; but as it is not reckoned handsome in a pony to come down, I was much annoyed at the idea of the approaching circumstance, and almost wished that I could remain a-loft for ever. A beautiful clover-field, near Beckenham, however, overcame my reluctance, and I halted there sound in wind and limb. As Caval-ho, in 1782, was the originator of air-ballooning, it is rather odd that after forty-six years I should be the first of the Caval-ry family to follow his example; and yet so little progress has been made in aerostation, that I should certainly prefer the old mode of inflation by chopped straw to the ridiculous method now employed; for it seems to me that carbonated oxygen is only fit to raise a bullock to the skies. I ought to mention, as a curious occurrence, that, at our utmost elevation, in the midst of the hurricane, we met with a flight of birds on the wing. Green, who is excessively ignorant of natural history, said they were Swallows; but I knew they were Martins, for the wind blew a perfect Martin-gale. I do not like to contradict his opinions, but among philosophical inquirers I trust that my neigh will go as far as his yea, upon a disputed point, where any thing like intelligence is requisite. You may depend upon it that he will put his foot in the matter, and therefore it be-hoves me to be more correct. Some water which we observed below us, for instance, he, off hand, declared to be the Thames, though I clearly saw it was the main of the New River Water-Works,—but thereby hangs a tale; so no more at present from your great-loft servant,

ROSE THE PONY.*

P.S.—I think my transit across the sun ought to entitle me to more glory than was acquired by the famous Eclipse—his tail, in spite of his speed, never whisked by a comet's!!

* We hope the genuineness of this able letter will not be doubted: horses are certainly very superior animals.—M. de Bonasselle, captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, relates, in his Military Observations, an anecdote of an old charger that had served in several campaigns, and had its teeth so entirely worn out that the poor veteran was no longer able to chew his hay or oats. In this helpless condition he was fed for two

At the request of our good friend M. Sedlatek, who plays the German flute better than he writes the English language, we insert the following interesting announcement:—

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry not having the Pleasure to fond you at home, as I was com to thank you for your kind report of my Concert; and in the selme Time to tell you that my weif is delivering with a Girl, and the Prinzesses Esterhazy will be the Good Mutters, shuld you find convenient to mention in your next weeks Journal.
SEDLATEK.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE COMET!!

—“Yet, yet,
With every coming night the terrible star
Expanded: men had now no thought but that;
All occupations were laid by: the earth
Was left untill'd; the voyagers on the deeps
Forsook their ships, and got upon the land,
To wait the dread event.”

COMET of 1832, 3, or 4.—To show our friends who may have been infected with the terrors excited in the Parisians by the “inflammable forebodings” of those astronomers who, according to our correspondent at the French capital (see No. 601), predict the destruction of our world by a comet, in 1832,—to show our friends the grounds of this, not absolutely visionary alarm, we have been induced to give a slight sketch of the history of that baleful star, which is now winging its way earthward, till, in the year 1832, 3, or 4, it is expected to arrive, and, according to some philosophers, to breathe desolation on the human race,—to hurry this earth nearer to the sun,—or rush with it, through the realms of ether, to the utmost confines of the solar system,—or at once, by its shock, to reduce this beautiful frame to its original chaos.

This “great and fearful star” was first observed in the year 1305, about the season of Easter: it returned again in the summer of 1456, when all Europe beheld it with fear and amazement; the Turks were then engaged in a successful war, in which they destroyed the Greek empire; Christians in general supposing their destruction portended by its appearance. Its next visit to these lower heavens was in the years 1531 and 1607, in this latter year continuing visible from the 26th of September to the 6th of November following: its course was through Ursa Major, Boëtes, Serpentina, and Ophiuchus; the diameter of the head two minutes, and that of the nucleus eleven or twelve seconds, of an unequal roundness, exhibiting phases like the moon or inferior planets; its light pale and watery; the tail like “a flaming lance or sword,” seven degrees in length, of considerable breadth, projected, with some deviation, towards that part of the heavens opposite to the sun. This is a brief outline of the observations of that period (1607), annexed to which is a specification of “the direful effects that followed the appearance of this splendid enigma.” “The Duke of Lorrain died. A great war between the Swedes and Danes!”

In the year 1682 the wanderer again visited this hemisphere, and was observed by Dr. Halley, who predicted its return in 1757 or 1758, the precise time being uncertain, from the attractive influence of Saturn and Jupiter,

months, and would have continued to be so, had he been left in the stable, by the two horses that stood next him on the right and left. These two drew every day from the rack a quantity of hay, which they masticated, and then gave it to their old companion; and also prepared some oats for him in the same manner, by which means he continued to retain all his former strength and spirit. The fact, adds the officer, was witnessed by the entire company, both officers and soldiers.

the former lengthening the period of the comet one hundred days, and the latter, from his superior quantity of matter, not less than five hundred and ten days: it re-appeared accordingly about the end of December 1768, deviating only nineteen days from the calculated time. On this occasion it did not exhibit any remarkable appearance, by reason of the unfavourable situation of the earth in its orbit,—the comet being nearly in conjunction with the sun. From a comparison of these dates, it is evident that the period of this comet is about 75 or 76 years, there being the following variations:—

From 1531 to 1607 76 years 62 days.
1607 to 1682 74 323

allowing for the attraction of the larger planets, its period may be stated as 76 years, 192 days, in which time it describes an orbit, the remotest point of which is 3420 millions of miles from the sun, and its nearest not more than 47 millions. This comet may not return so early as 1832, but there is scarcely any doubt of its re-appearance during the year 1833 or 1834. As to its being the agent in the destruction of our globe, it is certain that this is not the opinion of astronomers generally.

The following are its principal elements:

Passed its perihelion, 1758, June 11th	H. M. S.
Distance of perihelion, that of the earth being	3 17 39
.....	1 0, 21, 335
.....	SIGNS D. M.
Longitude of ascending node	7 30 50
Place of perihelion	8 27 36
Inclination of its orbit to the ecliptic	66 19
Course in its orbit	direct.

Many causes may operate to affect these elements, as well as alter the period assigned, or even to prevent the return of the comet altogether. In its vast excursions into space, 1620 millions of miles beyond the orbit of Uranus, it may encounter the attractions of other bodies, so as to carry it off from our system, or, coming in contact with another comet, its matter may be entirely dissipated, and its atoms scattered through space, till, falling within the attractive influence of other bodies, may constitute aeroliths or meteors. This supposition is grounded on the non-appearance of the comet of 1770, which ought, by calculation, to have returned ten times; but which, since that date, has never been seen. But we can assure those whose terrors have been excited by anticipating such an awful visitant, upon so dire an errand, even though the event be contemplated through the somewhat long perspective of five or six years, that there is more apparent cause of alarm from another comet, whose period is much shorter, and whose path is nearer the orbit of the earth, than the one to which we have been principally referring;—we mean the comet of 1819; its period is only three years and 107 days, and it never ranges beyond the orbit of Jupiter; it approaches nearer Mercury than any other of the planets, and crosses the earth's orbit more than sixty times in the course of a century; and certainly it is within the limits of chance, that some collision may occur between this comet and the earth. The consequence of such event would, according to some, more than realise the terrors which superstition has conceived of it:—the earth's period of revolution, in all probability, would be changed, either by carrying it nearer to, or farther from, the sun; a different inclination of the axis might be given, and there would be a consequent change of the seasons; the diurnal motion might be either accelerated or retarded, by which the length of the days would be affected; the vast continents of the globe would again be covered with the ocean,

which, deserting its bed, would rush towards the new equator.

It is scarcely possible for us, at this period, to conceive of the terror and dismay which pervaded all ranks throughout the world during the transit of the comet of 1680; some idea might be formed of its tremendous appearance, if we could fancy the nucleus, or more brilliant part of it, in the zenith of any place, and the tail extending thence to the horizon: this was somewhat of its appearance, as observed at Paris, but more especially so at Constantinople, while coruscations were continually rushing through the whole length of its projecting luminosity, so as to give the awful phenomenon—not the appearance of a tranquil body passing on in its harmless course—but a wrathful messenger, charged with vengeance and destruction. On Nov. 12th, 1 hr. 6 min. it was only the semi-diameter of the sun from the northern part of the earth's orbit, and approached within a sixty-sixth part of the earth's distance from the sun. It is at this time urging on its rapid course, and will not attain its greatest distance from the sun till the year 1967, and again visit the fountain of light in the year 2255.

It must be confessed, that the chances against the meeting of a comet with this earth are so numerous, that we may consider our earth as tolerably safe from such an occurrence; the probability is some millions to one against such a contact: even the tail of a comet cannot come near our atmosphere, unless the comet be at its inferior conjunction very nearly at the time it is in a node. The nature of the improbability of such an event may be more easily understood from an instance in the planet Venus, which moves in a plane not much inclined to that of the earth's orbit (3 deg. 23 min. 25 sec.), and yet the earth and Venus are in the same plane with the sun at the time of inferior conjunction only thirty-five times in 2100 years, though this planet passes between the earth and sun, during this long period, upwards of 3360 times.

The safety of the planetary bodies from the concussion of these wandering stars, is principally owing to the nature of their respective orbits. The orbits of the planets are nearly circular; those of comets are very elliptical: planets move nearly in the same plane; comets descend into the solar system, making every possible angle with the ecliptic: planets move all the same way; comets move in every direction,—both contrary to, and in the order of, the signs. Now, if these bodies moved in the same plane with the planets, the probability would be increased in an astonishing proportion. But there is another circumstance which is calculated to diminish apprehension:—there is every reason for supposing comets to have very little density, and to be mere collections of vapours condensed about the centres of each; so that their power to produce any deviation in the planetary bodies must be very inconsiderable. One that passed very near to Jupiter had no sensible effect on that planet or his satellites, which would have been the case had the comet contained matter in proportion to its bulk. The solid part of the nucleus of some comets has been proved to be not much larger than many mountains on our earth's surface, such as Dhawala-girl, the highest mountain of the Himalayan chain, to the north of Hindostan.

Should a comet approach so near the earth as to be more attracted by it than by the sun, the course of its revolution would be altered; and, instead of revolving about the sun as an independent body, it would describe an orbit

round our earth, as a moon, and would possibly be hailed as a valuable auxiliary, instead of being dreaded as the messenger of destruction to this terrestrial orb and its teeming inhabitants, which may be more speedily brought about than by a concussion with these celestial agents. A single principle of motion annihilated, evaporation suspended, or a component part of the atmosphere abstracted, and “final ruin would drive her ploughshare o'er creation.”—universal conflagration would instantly ensue, from the separation of the oxygen from the nitrogen of the atmosphere—the former exerting its native energies without control wherever it extends,—solid rocks, ponderous marble, metals, and even water itself, would burst into an intensity of flame, and change the aspect of all sublunary objects. But all these vast bodies of the universe are doubtless “kept in their prescribed limits, as with so many reins and bridles;” and when this earth has completed its destined circles, and fulfilled the purposes for which it was called out of nothing, it will need but the command of the glorious Creator, who at first spoke this beautiful frame into being, bliss, and light, to return it to its primeval gloom, or bid it shine forth with new resplendent beauty and lustre. J. T. B.

Depford.

[When mentioning this comet, in No. 507, we made a blunder in alluding to the well-known distance of the moon from our sphere.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's Atlas. Part IX. Longman and Co. ANOTHER Part of this well-executed design only calls for another tribute of commendation. Central Germany, Brazil and Paraguay, and Persia, which compose this Part, are several examples of careful science and excellent art. At the middle fasciculus of the whole undertaking (for there are to be Seventeen Parts) we may with propriety congratulate all concerned in it, and the public, on having passed the key-stone of the arch with such eclat.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Monkeyana, or, Men in Miniature. Designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part V. Moon, Boys, and Graves. Of the four prints of which the present Number of this entertaining work consists, the last two are pre-eminently happy. It is impossible to look at the *bon-civants*, surrounded by the luxuries of a desert, and grinning in voluptuous ecstasy at the brilliant bumper of Lafitte to which he has just helped himself, without exclaiming, in the words of the plate, “Ha! ha! very good!”—“Fashion, as it is,” is also admirable. It is scarcely a caricature. Who has not frequently had the misfortune to behold such an animal in human shape, dancing a minuet along the pavé of St. James's Street, or Pall Mall, with a countenance of mingled superciliousness and inanity, affectedly adjusting its cravat with one paw—we beg pardon, we mean hand—and twirling its quizzing-glass with the other; while a poor little urchin of a crossing-sweeper has been running by its side, in vain endeavouring, by every species of humble entreaty, to extract sixpence from its ostentation? The *Monkey-Cupid* (the face of which, by the by, very much resembles that of some of Sir Joshua's children) is not quite so much to our taste; and we confess that we are dull enough not to feel either the humour of the second plate, or the applicability to it of the title, “the Spoiled Child, or, not satisfied with 2s. 6d.” It is, perhaps, a satire on Don

Miguel; but offences such as his are too serious for ridicule.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by J. Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming; with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

CORNHOUSE, the seat of the Hon. Lord Cornhouse; **LEE HOUSE**, the seat of Sir Charles M'Donald Lockhart, Bart.; and **Craigneath Castle**, in which the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, found a brief asylum after her flight from Lochleven, are the subjects of the third Part of this pleasing publication. They are all executed with great ability and taste.

The Village Coquette. Designed and drawn on stone by C. Childs. Engelmann and Co.

THE first glance at this fascinating little figure, which is tastefully designed, and exquisitely lithographed, reminded us of the burden of a song that poor Dignum used to sing, some twenty years ago, at Vauxhall:

"Such charms all hearts must sure enthral;
'Tis lovely woman governs all!"

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P. for the County of Clare. Engelmann and Co.

If Mr. O'Connell were as ready to take the oaths required of him by the House of Commons, as we are ready to take ours that this profile portrait is a most inveterate likeness of him, his seat would be secure.

Views of Netley Abbey. By William Westall, A.R.A. Engelmann and Co.

ELEVEN beautiful views of this elegant and venerable ruin, drawn on stone with Mr. William Westall's usual skill and feeling. The foliage of the surrounding woods is sweetly executed, and the aerial perspective perfectly preserved.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

*'Equisin vilus
libet, vobis vivas.* ANON.

THE hour is past, the pleasure o'er,
And dumb the harp and glee;
Fair feet no longer trip the floor,
To moving melody.

Those fairy forms, those shapes of love,
That draw the poet's sigh—
Soft sprites that leave their bowers above
To charm a human eye;

All, all are gone! the lights are fled
From yon deserted room,
Dark as a chamber of the dead,
And voiceless as the tomb!

And now I am alone again,
With feelings undefined,—
A pilgrim in a world of pain—
An unpartaken mind.

O Pleasure! brief as bright thou art,
A momentary ray—
A dream rolled o'er a vacant heart,
To please—and die away!

R. MONTGOMERY.

BIOGRAPHY.

**DEATH OF LIEUT.-COLONEL DENHAM,
GOVERNOR OF SIERRA LEONE.**

A MORE painful duty has seldom fallen to our lot as journalists than that which we have now to perform in announcing the death of the above distinguished officer, which took place

at the Government House, Sierra Leone, in June last, after a very short illness.*

All past experience of the fatal effects of climate in this colony should certainly have taught us to receive without surprise the intelligence of such an event; but having, on the other hand, the knowledge of the singular success with which Colonel Denham had encountered all the rigours of a life in Africa, when on his travels to and from the city of Bornou, in the interior, during a period of more than three years; considering the experience and confidence in himself which he had thereby attained; and, above all, that, during a residence of eighteen months at Sierra Leone, in the exercise of very arduous duties, he had felt scarcely any ill effects;—we had indulged a sanguine hope that he would have been spared to fulfil the wishes of the government and the country for the improvement of this ill-fated place:—an object which he had deeply at heart, and which, for the reasons we have stated, there was room to believe he was destined to accomplish.

His appointment to the government had given great satisfaction to all ranks of persons, and the highest hopes were entertained that a new era was about to commence in the colony:—for, although so very short a period had elapsed since his entering upon his duties as governor, he had, among other sound and judicious regulations, taken measures for inviting the native chiefs of the surrounding kingdoms to come down to the seat of government to trade—to promote the interchange of good offices between them and the people—and for the establishment of savings-banks amongst the inhabitants of Free Town.

We shall be anxious to return to this interesting yet most painful subject, and trust we shall be enabled to lay before our readers the fullest and most authentic particulars respecting this much and justly lamented officer.

Colonel Denham was a native of London, and only in his forty-third year; and if to promote the cultivation of the human understanding—to extend the benefits of civilisation—to rescue our fellow-creatures from the depths of human suffering, and restore the slave to freedom,—be more glorious than the mere strife of conquest, and the acquisition or overthrow of human power,—then will his death shed a brighter lustre on his name than if he had fallen on the plains of Waterloo!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

HASTINGS: A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

BETWEEN Portsmouth and Dover is situated what was once a small fishing-town, but which is now, by the beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and the increasing sea-bathing propensity of the English, becoming rapidly a place of better accommodation, and of considerable resort. The coast is advantageous both for the purposes of fishing and of sailing-parties of pleasure. The civility of its inhabitants is not yet destroyed by too great an influx of wealthy visitors, nor has it yet to boast assembly-rooms or raffles; but there are donkeys, horses, and carriages, for hire; and a variety of boats, two of which make a practice of going out several times a day, with public parties of from ten to thirty.

To those who are fond of studying character, these little trips, in mixed company, afford some

* His letters of the 27th and 29th of May are replete with good spirits, and full of high promise respecting his plans for the prosperity of the colony, and the advancement of the benevolent as well as beneficial objects he had in view.—*Ed. L. G.*

gratifying opportunities of amusement; and as the duration of the sail is limited to about two hours, it cannot be irksome, even if it chance to be unproductive of pleasure. There is a slight degree of rivalry between the sailors of these two boats, yet apparently not more than to create a good-humoured excitement and pride, which insensibly elevates the spirits of their respective passengers. "The British Fair" and "the Atalanta" belong to the same owner, and there is, perhaps, a stronger feeling of patronage to their several steersmen than towards the vessels themselves. Whoever has sailed with the well-known and respectable Roper, of the British Fair, must have been struck by the alacrity, skill, and attention, he directs to every part of his freight; they must have admired the honest frankness of his manners, his hearty laugh and capability of entering into the passing wit of the moment; and if they are females, they will have experienced his kind solicitude for their accommodation, and a feeling of protection promised them in the perfect propriety of his manner.

Being an invalid, I was ordered to the seaside, and fortunately fixed upon the improving neighbourhood of Hastings for my abode. My greatest pleasure was that of sailing in the British Fair, inhaling the pure sea-breezes, and gleaming amusement with information from my ally Roper, who devotes himself to steering the boat, and sometimes the course of conversation. In these excursions there was frequently a mixture of Cockneys, country-folks, and a few of the better-informed, glorying in a smattering of nautical phrases they had picked up, and looking with contempt on the "ignorant creatures" around them, who unconsciously betrayed themselves by talking of strings, poles, and sticks, by which they meant to designate the marine tackle.

One fine morning a cargo of this kind were skimming along the coast with a light breeze, asking, as usual, divers questions of the good-tempered Roper, who seems never tired of telling which are fishing-boats and which "West Indimen"; a distinction to which many of his hearers appeared inaccessible, even when pointed out. "Pray what are those objects I see yonder?" inquired one sickly-looking gentleman of another, who, indolently turning his eyes, replied, "Vessels, of some kind or other." But the first speaker, having more curiosity at least, if not gifted with much penetration, attacked our steersman, with "Mr. Roper, what vessels are those, of which I see five along the coast, at short intervals?" "Vessels, sir!" said Roper; "why dey be the 'Tello Towers, Martello Towers dey calls 'em, built all along de coast, time ago, when dere was a talk of 'vasion—when Bonnypart was a' commin over." "Why were they called Martello Towers?" pursued the gentleman. "Oo, sir, I doant know rightly, sir: if dey'd a asked me, I'd a christened 'em Money Towers, for dey a' cost our go'ment a mint o' money." "I suppose they are built below low-water mark," observed another of the voyagers. "Noo, sir; what should dey do de-er? dey was't meant to frighten the fish! though mayhap dey mought as well a' bin de-er for any good dey've a don: de French was never afeard on 'em." "Were they armed in times of war?" inquired a voice. "Sir!" ejaculated Roper, rather at a loss for the Cockney's meaning. "Were they armed? had they guns, those towers?" "Oo, de towers! yes, sir—yes, dey carr'd a gon; but nothin' to do no hurt like." "There is very little smuggling now in Hastings, I believe," said one. "Noo,

sir—noo; it aint worth while, ye see; for ye be obliged to 'money de men o' wars men' to land de goods." "Oh, then, you do not disapprove of the practice, Mr. Roper, eh?" "Why, sir, as to 'proving, a man must 'prove of what he gets his livin by. I sarded my time to de free tryde (what is called smuggling); I 'a given it up now; but many's the tob I 'a landed onder dese very towers; but dese here blockade men dey've knocked up de trade entirely; for when a man's bin to sea, mayhap for an hour or so, how as soon's he comes ashore, dey board and overhaul him; so, 'tis no use. Not as I'm again a man doing his duty, mind ye; but, Lord bless you! go'ment do'n't know one half what dese men do; go'ment never intended dey should carry things so fur; but, you see, dese petty officers—dat's where it is. A man can't move or stir in de place now but dese chaps are sarchin' and calling of him to account for dis, dat, and tetter. Why, I had a bit o' lead put in my thigh for only smoking a pipe up yander on th' east hill." "What! shot?" exclaimed a Cockney, in accents of horror, "for smoking a pipe?" "Yes, sir; I'll teller how it war. There was me, and two or three more, one Sunday a'ternoon upon th' hill was a got a smoking of our pipes and 'njoying ourselves; and a yong woman with us was a singing of a song, when op comes one of these leiffenants of the blockade, and, says he, 'Hollo!' says he, 'what's goin' an here? what's this light for?' 'Why,' says I, 'we've a got 'joying ourselves a smoking a pipe and drinking a glass of grog,' says I; 'will you take a drop with us?' 'What's that light a burning for?' says he. 'To light our pipes at,' says I. 'Roper,' says he, 'I knows you; put out that light.' Says I, 'I wunt.' 'You wunt?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'I wunt,' just soo. 'Come, Roper,' he says, 'you knows what ye're about; put that light out when I bids ee.' Says I, 'I teller again, I wunt.' So with that, we had a bit of a scuffle, ye see; and I being the stronger of the two got him down; soo he fired his pop-gon at me, and hands me off in-land. Well, I stood my trial. I was thirteen weeks in Horsham jail." "And how did it end?" inquired the Cockney. "'Twas gived again me, sir; but the judge (Best) knowed well enough which way justice ly, for he sent me five-and-thirty pound towards my expenses." "D—n him!" exclaimed the Cockney, "for belying his conscience." "Oo, sir, I were a poor man, ye see; if I'd a bin a lord, why it'd a bin another thing. Not as I'm again a man doing what he's paid for; seam time, go'ment don't know one half how these petty officers exceed orders; but, thank God, they did'n't hurt me much. I was laid up seventeen weeks with my leg; but I never feels nothen on it now—only again rine a bit of a twinge or soo."

No words could describe the expression of Roper's countenance, when, on one occasion, having several friends on board, and seeking to show him off, I asked, "Roper! did you ever see a live smuggler?" He looked at me for a moment in silence, then rubbed his broad hand across his face, and, with a smile worthy remembrance, answered, "Noo, sir, noo; not I. I've heard great talk of them things down in Hastings, but I doant understand 'em myself." "Was there not a fishing-boat seized last night, Roper?" "Yes, sir; yes, dere war, dere war; moore sheam to dem as took her." "Was any thing found a-board of her?" "Noo, sir, nor nothen expected; you see de way it wur wur as dis—de boat had

bin seen time agoon de coast of France, which being agin de indentures, information was laid, and dese here chaps of blockaders dey watches de opportunity when dere was a goodish bit o' nets and tackle aboard, and seizes her—its a dirty trick, but den what can you expect from de likes o' dem? Dere's Leiffenant Green—I wonders nobody doant make a hole through im—but dere's no smugglers now, as used to be; poor chicken-hearted creatures, 'forming one agin t'other. I should be ashee-amed to be called a smuggler now-a-days. Ah! I may say it myself, it was'n't soo in my time. I know dis coast, every inch on it, an' many a scuffle I've had, an' a deal I've seen; but I never hurt none on 'em. I've a gone straight up to dese blockaders and taken de arms out of dere hands—take 'em by surprise, you see—no 'casion to touch 'em. Oh! I've seen a power of ops an' downs, I can tell 'ee. I was taken prisoner by de French and laid up snog and dry in Donkirk—but I got away—I got out—I stoal a boat—I was on my prow, you see—dat's what dey call word of honor—not to run away." "So, then, you stole off?" "Oo, to be sure, sir—what were de use o' stayin dere? I was knockin about though in an open boat two days and tree nights afore I dared land here, and not a bit or sop to eat or drink—for you see I'd forfeited my indentures, mind ye. Well! at last, when I did come a-shore, dere had bin a French privateer de night afore—about—ay just about where we may be now, had took one of our sloops. Come, thinks I, its noo use to be feecant hearted,—soo I goes up to de leiffenant (he was stood upon de beach); and says he, 'Ah, Roper,' says he, 'what be you a got a wye?' 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I've; and I wants a job,' says I, 'as would bring me into luck agin; an' if you're agreeable, sir,' says I, 'I thinks dere's one just cut out for me.' 'What's dat, Roper?' says he. 'Why, sir,' says I, 'if so be as I had my indentures promised me, and arms allowed to follow dat privateer, I'd be bound to bring dat sloop into Hastings agin afore dis time to-morrow.' 'You'd?' says he. 'Iud, sir,' says I. 'Wid dat he orders me arms. I just shewed myself upon de beach, and held op my hand I'd five-and-twenty stout fellows at my beck at de first call, to go wid me, and sure enoff we had de sloop safe in de roads widin de time, and I got my indentures made out, ready to start for a fresh cruise, all smooth. My wife used to try to keep me off o' de smuggling; but, says I, 'my dear, we be off to be a starved'—for she wur but sixteen, and I wur nineteen, when we married, and sot down in a corner wid half a crown between us. Ah, she were a nice little woman—a tidy little household cat, as ever wore a pair of shoes! Notable and saving; and sometimes I made a hit o' money, an' other times I lost it agin; but we always agreed, mind you, 'till she died, poor soul! and I put up a stoan at her head. But a man can't live wid de dead, so I married again; an I've nothing to complain on now—thank God, we make ourselves as happy as we can. We've no children of our own, but one as is the same thing, a little girl I took hoosam from a buryin about twenty year ago; poor thing wur left widout friend in de world, soo I took her and brought her op, and a good girl she've turned out—I say it myself—and as fond o' me she is as ef I'd bin her own father."

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

We have just seen, at the Royal Bazar, the little Josephine, from Paris, on whose eyes are

inscribed the words *Napoleon Empereur*, and *Empereur Napoleon*; and certainly it is (not to pun) a very extraordinary sight. This child is a pretty and lively girl, of about three years of age, with a rather capacious forehead, and light, or we should say not very dark, blue eyes. Radiating about the pupil of each in the iris, removed a small distance from the pupil, and almost touching the outward circle, appear the characters alluded to. They are, as near as possible, of the size of the letters in the top lines of our Advertisements—perhaps somewhat larger—and run entirely round the eye. In the left eye the word *Napoleon* is uppermost; in the right, the word *Empereur*. The colour of the letters is almost white, but shot through, like what is called shot silk, by the blue of the crystalline humour. This, and the motion of the eye, renders the whole inscription a little indistinct; but such parts as NAP and other separate letters are tolerably obvious, without the slightest aid from the imagination of the beholder. That the imagination of the mother has produced this remarkable appearance, seems to be satisfactorily accounted for, by her mind having been deeply moved on some occasion during her pregnancy by a piece of twenty sous, on which the inscription is seen. It was visible at the birth of the infant, and has become stronger as it grew up. (We are of opinion that no art could have produced this curious phenomenon; and, as a freak of Dame Nature, it is assuredly well worth the attention of the public; though it undoubtedly requires an exercise of the fancy to read the legend, even after being told what it is.)

CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

A NOVELTY of this kind is handed privately about at present, and will, we think, soon obtain much notoriety. It is a very small engine (not larger than this paragraph), and consists of a brass frame, with eight perpendicular bars of silver. It is pressed against the lips, and breathed through by the performer; and the consequent vibrations yield sounds resembling those of the *Bohian* harp, which are wonderfully powerful, considering the minuteness of the instrument. It goes to the extent of an octave, and its modifications of piano and forte are altogether surprising.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs for Spring Mornings. The Poetry by T. H. Bayly, Esq.; Symphonies and Accompaniments by H. R. Bishop. Goulding and D'Almaine.

The title is not a very happy one,—not so good as *Songs for Winter Nights*,—for it is not usual to sing much to musical accompaniments on Spring Mornings; but Mr. Bayly has, nevertheless, managed to write some very pretty lyrics, which are well adapted by Mr. Bishop, principally to old and beautiful airs. Of these, we prefer the Portuguese selections (Nos. 4. and 7.), and would recommend it to our caterers in this popular branch of music to look farther into the captivating native melodies of Spain and Portugal. There is much to be obtained from these sources to enrich the variety of our drawing-room delights. The Storm Rondo, set as a song, is a novel thought, and comes out strikingly: and the remaining five pieces, French, German (two), Burmese, and one original, are all pleasing. Of the poetry we offer the following examples:—

"Oh! 'tis sad to see the splendour
Of the Summer pass away,
When the night is always stealing
Precious moments from the day."

But in Spring each lengthened evening
Tempt us farther off from home;
And if summer has more beauty,
All that beauty is to come.

It is thus in manhood's summer,
That the heart too often grieves
Over friends lost prematurely,
Like the fall of blighted leaves;
But life's spring-time is far sweeter,
When each green bud that appears,
May expand into a blossom
To enliven future years."

"Spring flowers are no longer
What spring flowers used to be;
Their fragrance and their beauty
Cannot give delight to me:
The cowslip and the primrose
And the violet are here—
Ah! why am I dejected
In the spring time of the year?"

All seasons are delightful
In life's gay unclouded spring,
We sport among the flowers
Like wild birds upon the wing:
But when life's bloom is over,
No friendly smile is near,
Oh! dreary as December
Is the spring time of the year!"

These are the sweetest verses we can find:
For, altogether, these Spring Mornings are not
equal in style and sentiment to the best of the
author's songs.

No. 1. *The Goatherd's Boy*; No. 2. *The Swiss
Drover Boy* (and a No. 3. we have not seen):
Swiss Souvenir Airs. Sung by Madame
Stockhausen. The Words by W. Ball;
Accompaniments, for Harp or Piano-Forte,
by F. Stockhausen. Mori and Lavenue.

THE Geis-Reihen and the Schwyz-Bue are
two of those charming melodies with which
Madame Stockhausen has enchanted the town
during the last season. To equal her in the
sweetness, spirit, and characteristic style of
their execution, is not, indeed, to be expected;
but we can truly say, that, even with inferior
voices, and powers less skillfully directed, they
are still delightful ornaments of the social
circle, and extremely gratifying to the lovers
of music.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, Pasta, in *Medea*, concluded the
performances of the season, to a full house.
Her powerful acting, as usual, produced an
effect very rare on the Italian stage; and she
was greatly applauded. At the end, the silly
custom of dragging the principal character for-
ward to be huzzed, was repeated, to the annoy-
ance of every person of taste who had felt the
illusion of *Medea's* extraordinary efforts. The
absurdity of wreaths and crownings by the par-
tisans of performers, ought to be hissed out of
England.

THERE has been little new since our last at-
tention to the two principal theatres now open.
The *Bottle Imp* has not yet run out, and the
Two Friends have still a firm hold upon the
public. The new opera of *Tit for Tat* has been
curtailed considerably, and improved accord-
ingly. The little interlude of *He Lies like
Truth* goes off glibly and pleasantly enough;
but its history is an admirable satire upon the
dragons of the press, who inveigh so bitterly
against the poor pilfering authors of the pre-
sent day, and lament, in well-turned periods,
the decline of our national drama; while they
seem to have passed an act of grace in favour
of our ancestors, who stole, right and left, with
as little compunction, and much less modesty.
Ex. gr. The present merry trifle is candidly
acknowledged by the translator, Mr. Kimpton,
to be rendered, with a few trifling alterations,
from "*Le Menteur Véridique*," by Scribe and

Melerville. And the hue and cry of—stop
thief! is of course set up by the unmerciful
sticklers for original writing. Now the original
authors have evidently founded their vaude-
villes on our old English farce of the *Liar*, by
Samuel Foote; whose original farce was almost
entirely borrowed from Sir Richard Steele's
Lying Lover, a comedy, which the said Sir
Richard, in his "Apology for himself and his
writings," and in his preface to the comedy
itself, unblushingly talks of having "written"
—originally, of course—and drops not a word
of its being stolen from "*Le Menteur*" of
P. Corneille; whose equally original comedy
is little more than a translation from the Span-
ish of Lope de Vega! It is really highly
amusing to hear the critics of the present day
setting up those terrible rogues, the old writers,
as literary scare-crows to their unfortunate de-
scendants; and a better farce than ever was
written, to compare their lamentations with
those of the critics of the last century, which,
omitting the date, might be printed in the next
Morning Post, without discovery. Mr. Baker
(not the actor at the English Opera House),
speaking of Garrick's farce of *The Lying Valet*,
says, "Some of the nibblers in criticism have
charged this piece as being borrowed from
some French comedy: but as I have never yet
heard the title of the supposed original men-
tioned, I cannot avoid, as far as to the extent
of my own knowledge, acquitting the author
from this accusation,—a charge, however,
which, wherever laid, I am ever apt to suspect
as rather the effect of envy than of a love of
justice or the public; as it has ever been the
practice of the very best writers, in all ages
and nations, to make use of valuable hints in
the works of their neighbours, for the use and
advantage of those of their countrymen to
whom those works may not be so familiar as
to themselves. No man in his senses would,
I think, quarrel with a fine nosegay, because
some of the most beautiful flowers in it hap-
pened to have been gathered in a neighbouring
country: nor is the world much less obliged to
the person who favours it with a good trans-
lation of a good author, than to that author
himself, or one of equal excellence at home."
What a relief is this little bit of plain sense to
the eternal twaddle of such coxcombical non-
sensicals!

ON Wednesday, *She would and She would not*
was performed at the Haymarket with great
spirit. Of Farren in the old Don, we have
only to say that he acted too well: his con-
trasted pictures of senile joy and sorrow, to-
wards the conclusion, were almost painfully
forcible, and made us feel for a character which
the author gives up to unrelenting persecution,
as a punishment of his selfishness and avarice.
Miss F. H. Kelly also played the swaggering
female hero with admirable vivacity and effect.
Her transitions from fear to blustering, and,
indeed, her points throughout, were marked
with much dramatic skill and vivacity. Mrs.
T. Hill made a worthy second cavalier; while
Cooper and Vining acted the real Dons dom-
nantly. *Trapani* could not have a fitter re-
presentative than that merry fellow Power,
who has now reached the happy estate in a
performer's career, of having the audience al-
ways ready to go laughing along with him.

VARIETIES.

New Mode of Couching.—Mr. Yardly, of
the Surrey Theatre, who had been blind of an
eye for several years, was happily restored to
sight last week, according to the newspaper

account, by being struck with a flash of light-
ning in passing over Waterloo Bridge.

Keep within Compass!—The pseudo Princess
Olive of Cumberland says, that she has in-
vented a mariner's compass which cannot vacil-
late. By means of this improved article, she
thinks she shall be able, not only to make out
the north-west passage, but to discover the
longitude!

Napoleon, Francis I., and Wellington.—It
has ever been the fashion to perpetuate in
bronze the memory of victory; and if we were
to estimate the relative importance of those
gained by Napoleon, Francis I., and Well-
ington, by the manner in which each is com-
memorated, the comparison would give birth to
curious conjectures. Napoleon, of the cannon
taken in the campaign of 1806, terminated by
the battle of Austerlitz, formed the grand
Column of the Place Vendôme. Francis I., of
the cannon taken in the campaigns of 1813-
14, made medals for the troops. And the canon
taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria,
Orthes, and Toulouse, were all melted (we are
told by the inscription) into the Achilles of the
London ladies, which stands in Hyde Park.

The March of Intellect.—Every day pro-
duces new proofs of the march of intellect;
but we have seen no more remarkable in-
stance of its giant steps, than is afforded by
the recent elegant and forcible address deliv-
ered to our Lord High Admiral, on his visit
to Brixton. Only contrast this fine com-
position with the address which the mayor of
that place concocted after several meetings of
the corporation, and pronounced to Admiral
Hawke, then in the zenith of his glory, upon
the occasion of a similar visit. It is recorded
in the annals of Brixham as follows; and is
reported to have been most expressively pro-
nounced by his worship:

"Welcome, great Hawke, thou monster of the sea!
Welcome, thrice welcome to Brixham Key,
To eat buckhorn,* and drink bohea tea."

Wilson.—Towards the close of Wilson's life,
annoyed and oppressed by the neglect which he
experienced, it is well known that he unfor-
tunately had recourse to those means of tem-
porary oblivion of the world, to which dis-
appointed genius but too frequently resorts.
The natural consequence was, that the works
which he then produced were much inferior to
those of his former days; a fact of which, of
course, he was not himself conscious. One
morning, the late Mr. Christie, to whom had
been intrusted the sale by auction of a fine
collection of pictures belonging to a nobleman,
having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's,
was expatiating with his usual eloquence on
its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself
had just before entered the room. "This,
gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian
pictures;—he cannot paint any thing like it
now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated
artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discom-
posure, and to the great amusement of the
company; "he can paint infinitely better!"

Pyrophorus.—A new kind of pyrophorus has
been invented, formed by the calcination of
sulphate of potash with charcoal. This com-
position is said to be much more inflammable than
any pyrophorus hitherto known.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Christmas Box for 1829.—We find a report in
circulation in certain quarters that this popular Juvenile
Annual has been discontinued. On the contrary, we are
assured that it is in active progress,—that it is more
than half printed, and will appear with increased strength,
as the ideas which we are enabled to furnish of its probable
contents will prove. In the first place, the little Volume

* A sort of dried fish for which Torbay is celebrated.

is to open with an Irish story, of considerable length, from the pen of Miss Edgeworth. Mrs. Hoffman furnishes an Historical Tale—Miss Mitford a Family Sketch, with some poetry. Then follow contributions from Mrs. Jameson, the authoress of "the Diary of an Ennuyée," and of the not sufficiently known, but very pretty, child's story of "Little Louisa." Our accomplished Parisian friend, Madame de Laboulaye—Miss Dagley, authoress of "the Birth Day"—Mrs. Jewsbury, of Manchester—Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. James Douglas—Miss E. Taylor—Mrs. Emerson—Mrs. Nothley—with other esteemed writers. The editor, Mr. Crofton Croker, thus promises us a rich display of female talent, in addition to his unrivalled countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth; and we also learn that there are several eminent gentlemen contributors; and they must exert themselves, or they will be beaten by the "waker's" sex.

Another series of Tales of a Grandfather, we hear, in preparation; and the same indefatigable author has also another Chronicle of the Canongate on the anvil.

A new edition of the Waverley Novels, the copyrights of which were purchased at the sale of Mr. Constable's property for above 8000*l.*, is about to be produced, with illustrations, engraved from pictures by Wilkie, Leslie, Newton, and other distinguished artists. Sir Walter says that they may now be considered as rather antiquated beauties, and therefore need a little more of ornament to set them off.

Preparing for the press, in parts, a Series of Gothic Ornaments, selected from the different Cathedrals and Churches in England, drawn on stone the size of the originals.

In the Press.—A Grammatical and Pronouncing Spelling-Book, on a Plan quite original, by Ingram Cobbin.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 31	From 44. to 68.	29.89 to 29.98
August.		
Friday... 1	58. — 70.	29.97 — 29.84
Saturday... 2	53. — 62.	29.71 — 29.61
Sunday... 3	53. — 67.	29.59 — 29.55
Monday... 4	50. — 66.	29.51 — 29.50
Tuesday... 5	50. — 70.	29.51 — 29.56
Wednesday 6	46. — 65.	29.50 — 29.36

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 31st ult. generally cloudy, and raining.

Rain fallen, 5.85 of an inch.

Curious Phenomenon.—On Wednesday evening last, about a quarter past seven, this neighbourhood was visited by two peals of thunder of a very extraordinary nature, differing entirely from that which I have ever before witnessed. During the afternoon there had been an almost incessant rain, and by seven the atmosphere was so densely clouded, that it became as dark as if it had been an hour later. A vivid flash of lightning about this time appeared to fill the room; and about seven seconds had elapsed when the first peal of thunder proceeding from the zenith was heard, the noise continued to increase for a few seconds by no means so loud as usual, in storms even at a greater distance, yet the house was considerably shaken: about five minutes afterwards, a similar flash, attended with a rather louder report and increased agitation, occurred.

A short time after this I was called on by a friend, who said he had taken shelter under a neighbouring tree when the phenomenon occurred; and we both agreed in describing our feelings to have been similar to those which are experienced on slight earthquakes.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude... 53° 37' 39" N.
Longitude... 0° 3 51' W. of Greenwich.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annesley's *Deeds of India*, Vol. II. Imperial 4to. 7*l.* 7*s.* bd.—Alkin's *Lesson Book*, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.—*Dictionary of the Gaelic Language*, by the Highland Society, 3 vols. 4to. 7*l.* 7*s.* royal 4to. 10*l.* 10*s.* bd.—*White's Sermons*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bd.—*The Battle of Navarino*, Malta, &c. by a Naval Officer, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bd.—*History of England*, by a Clergyman, Vol. I. 12mo. 6*s.* bd.—*Laurence (Miss) Contes Choies*, 12mo. 6*s.* sheep.—*Monro on the Brain*, Vol. I. 8vo. 12*s.* bd.—*Classical Instruction, Æsop's Fables*, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We decline inserting
"How bright the smile of woman's eye,"
because we will not rob woman's mouth of one of its sweetest prerogatives.

D. D. D., we perceive that he is not polished enough for a short poem:—"we" "forth" ending two lines within the last seven, is a sufficient instance.

C. of Glasgow writes sweetly, but requires improving. Alpha's verses are so unmeasured and irregular, that we can only reject them with a story:—A poet, or a poor devil who fancied himself one, presented a sonnet of his composition to Pope Clement VII. The Pope at the very first glance perceived that the second or third verse was a syllable too short. He pointed out the error to the poet; who, without allowing himself to be in the slightest degree disconcerted, calmly replied:—"If your Holiness will have the goodness to read on a little farther, you will find some verse containing a syllable too much; so that the one will make up for the other."

The long letters of the author of *Recollections of Colombia*, and the translator of *Niels-Klim*, shall be attended to next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CLOSING OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 5th instant.

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Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition-room, and at Mr. Martin's, 39, Allport Terrace, New Road.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. At a

Meeting of the Friends and Subscribers to this Institution, held at the Merchant Seamen's Office, Royal Exchange, on Thursday, the 17th July, 1828.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in the Chair.

It was unanimously resolved.

1. That the present is a proper time for founding a College, in which an enlarged and liberal Education, upon Christian Principles, shall be afforded to the Youth of the Metropolis.

2. That an essential part of such education is instruction in the evidences of the Christian Religion, and the inculcation of those doctrines and duties which are professed and taught by the Established Church.

3. That by offering to the youth of this metropolis, when residing with their families, advantages in the acquisition of knowledge, which are now frequently sought in foreign countries, their domestic habits and attachments will be preserved and strengthened, on which the good order and happiness of society so much depend. At the same time, while they cannot fail incessantly to imbibed opinions and to form habits of life, which accord with the society and manners of England, they will also be taught to know and to revere the established institutions of their country, and will be nurtured in those honourable principles which have ever distinguished the national character.

4. That King's College, London, commenced under such high auspices, is entitled to the liberal support of all those who are at once zealous for the promotion of Christianity, and desirous of upholding the ancient and venerable institutions of their country.

5. That the following Gentlemen be requested to assist the Committee for promoting Subscriptions in the City:—

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Mr. Alderman Birch.
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Sir Wm. Bland.
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John Holmes, Esq.

6. That the thanks of this Meeting are due to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, for his conduct in the Chair.

By Order of the Committee,

(Signed) HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, Sec.

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